



JAPAN

BURTON HOLMES





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JAPAN, KOREA AND FORMOSA

THE BURTON HOLMES TRAVEL STORIES

THIS volume is one of a series, entitled
"The Burton Holmes Travel Stories." The
books comprising this series are as follows:

**JAPAN
KOREA AND FORMOSA**

CHINA

**EGYPT
AND THE SUEZ CANAL**

MEXICO

THE BURTON HOLMES TRAVEL STORIES

JAPAN

KOREA AND FORMOSA

EDITED BY BURTON HOLMES

Text by
EUNICE TIETJENS

Illustrations by
BURTON HOLMES

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FOREWORD

THIS superbly illustrated volume is one of a series of accurately informative travel books entitled "The Burton Holmes Travel Stories." Together with the other books of the series, it makes available to younger readers the vast amount of informational and pictorial material gathered by Burton Holmes in the course of a lifetime devoted to the study of the world from the point of view of the intelligent and appreciative traveler.

Burton Holmes has undoubtedly seen more of the world and its peoples than any other man who has ever lived. His varied and intimate knowledge of life in every country of the world today has provided him with the editorial authority with which he has supervised the preparation of these volumes.

From Mr. Holmes' vast collection of pictures have come the striking illustrations which impart to these books a degree of vividness surpassing any other travel book that has yet come from the press. All the pictures in these books have been selected with rare skill from the thousands available, to illustrate clearly and truthfully the many "different little ways of doing things" in foreign lands. Thus the Burton Holmes pictures in these ultramodern books of travel are more than mere adornments.

The writers of the various volumes have been selected for their familiarity with the subject matter, and particularly for their ability to give the reader a sympathetic understanding of the customs, thoughts, and daily lives of the peoples of foreign lands. Thus it is hoped that these books may help to further international understanding and good will, for "to understand all is to forgive all."

THE PUBLISHERS

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OLD AND NEW JAPAN

IN THIS modern day of swift changes, one of the first things asked of a traveler is: "Has the country changed much? Is it becoming modernized?"

As to Japan, of course the answer is "Yes." Japan has changed and is still changing. Each year the traveler sees less and less of the old Japan, particularly in the cities. But in the country, in the little villages and on the farms, there is still much of the old Japan. The country people, the backbone of most nations, are slower to accept changes than the people of the cities.

This does not mean that the old Japan, the Japan of the books, has disappeared, or even that it will disappear. The traveler who looks carefully sees many things that are missed by the tourist. It is evident to all that the Japanese, as a people, want to be modern. They see great advantages for Japan in becoming a great manufacturing nation. And they know that to become a nation of manufacturers, their country will have to build factories, install modern machinery, and imitate America and Europe in many ways.

Japan has been doing this for many years. In the cities there are factories making cotton goods, bicycles, telephones, flashlights, and hundreds of other articles we do not ordinarily think of as Japanese. In this way Japan has become modernized.

Now factories cannot be run without trained workers, and Japanese factories must have a supply of working people or they cannot run. Perhaps you have read about the period in our history when young men left the farms and moved to the cities in order to go to work in factories. Much the same thing has happened in Japan—only in some industries, especially the weaving of cotton and silk goods, the factory workers are young women and girls, not men and boys.

Thousands of Japanese girls have left the farms and villages and gone into city factories to work. But when they go back to their homes, after three or four years of work in the city, the farms will not be changed much. They will go back and live in the same way they were living before their period of factory work. Life on the farms and in the villages is not changing much in Japan.

The experienced traveler sees a reason for this. There is little change in rural Japan, not just because country people are slow to change, but for another, very important reason.

The Japanese government does not want farm life to change much. Only by hard, long hours of work can the Japanese farmers and fishermen produce food enough for the millions of Japanese. They can eat only a little of what they raise, or catch, because most of it is needed for the crowded cities. To keep the cities going, the farmers and fishermen must do without all the things we think about as belonging to the modern world.

All this does not mean that Japanese farms and villages are not changing at all, because they are. But changes are coming much more slowly than in the cities. One change in the country that is noticed by the traveler is a new kind of factory, a kind that cannot be found in any other country in the world.

Not many years ago the Japanese government decided that farm people and fishermen could work longer hours than they did. These people were already working from sunrise to dark, but the government thought that they could do about two hours work before going to bed. They could not fish, or work in the fields, but they could work in some kind of factory. They could do something more than just supply the country with food.

In many towns and villages little factories were started. In some places these factories were small, consisting of only one room. In other places perhaps a small building became the factory. Then the simplest kind of machinery was put in, machinery that anyone could easily learn to run. Perhaps the machines in one village

would make little reflectors to fit into electric flashlights. A farmer could soon learn to put a piece of shiny metal in the machine, press a pedal with his foot, and take out the stamped reflector. In another village perhaps the machines would make the round cases for the flashlights. In still another village would be machinery for making the springs that hold in the batteries.

Of course the farmers and fishermen could not make many articles in only two hours a day. But there are millions of farmers, and when they are all working at making something, Japan will produce more goods than ever before. And the farmers and fishermen will still be working from sunrise to dark producing food as well.

Perhaps that is the picture the traveler takes with him from Japan—a country where the people have been doing without things for hundreds of years. And even though Japan is becoming modernized in many ways, becoming modern does not mean to the Japanese what it means to the American. We think it means radios and bathtubs and automobiles and refrigerators for everyone, time to enjoy ourselves, to go visiting, to listen to music, to get more education, to be happier. But becoming modernized will not mean that to everyone in Japan. They will have to go on doing without many things, working just as hard and as long hours as before. It is a different kind of modernizing than we are used to.

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greater magician than any on earth to do this now.

There was, however, one great difference between Japan and the genie of the old story; for no magician had shut the Japanese people up against their will. It was the Japanese themselves who had chosen to stay at home and to keep the rest of the world out of Japan; so it was not a slave that came out, however powerful, but a nation of sturdy men and women, who looked on the civilized world with questioning eyes, and did not find it altogether good.

But before I tell you about the wonderful things this little giant nation has accomplished since the island vase was unsealed, I must tell you something about how Japan came to be in the vase in the first place.

The earliest people that we know anything about and that lived on the islands of Japan were the Ainu. You will find a story about them in another part of this book; so I will tell you here only that they were, in those days, a wild and barbarous people with but little civilization.

After a while,—though nobody knows just when—the Japanese came over from the mainland of Asia, from China or from Korea, drove out the Ainu, and settled the country themselves. This is undoubtedly what really happened, but the Japanese have a different story

to tell of the beginning of their kingdom. Even if we cannot read this story with conviction, it may be well before visiting their shores to know something of what the Japanese believe in regard to the origin of their islands and their race. They tell the following story:

✓ In the beginning, all things were in chaos, and heaven and earth were not yet separated. During long ages, a great many gods and goddesses lived, who were the ancestors of the god Izanagi and his wife Izanami. One day this heavenly pair stepped out on the floating "Bridge of Heaven." The god dipped his spear into the waters, and when he drew it out again, the drops that trickled off formed the fair and lovely islands of Dai Nippon, or Great Japan.

The eldest child of this heavenly pair was the Goddess of the Sun, and from her are descended the emperors of Japan, who have ruled the country in one unbroken dynasty from that day to this. The Japanese have, therefore, always considered their emperor as a god.†

The first of these emperors, they say, was Jimmu Tenno, and it was he who conquered the Ainu and really founded the empire of Japan; but the first really historical event did not occur until many years after the death of the first emperor. In the sixth century after Christ, the Buddhist religion was brought over

from Korea, and a little later, the very ancient civilization of China was brought over from the mainland. After this, the nation, which we have called the genie, began to grow in earnest.

The people developed a civilization of their own, founded on the Chinese civilization, but one that had already begun to be different. They produced beautiful temples, beautiful works of art, which were like those of the Chinese, yet not like them; and they produced, too, a strong military caste, and splendid warriors. At this time they had not yet shut themselves up in their vase, and they made expeditions to the mainland. When the famous Venetian, Marco Polo, went to China in the 13th century, he brought back news of "Cipango," as he called Japan; and when Columbus discovered America, one of the places he was hoping to find was this same Cipango.

The emperors of Japan were at first the real rulers of the country, but, in later centuries, their power passed into the hands of the great lords of the military caste who made themselves the real rulers, proving how dangerous it is to develop great warriors, as they get a nation and its ruler into trouble. Although the new rulers did not actually depose the emperors, they took away the imperial power, and at one time made the poor emperors



practically prisoners. Then the shoguns, and daimios, as these warrior lords were called, divided the country up among themselves and ruled as they pleased. This way of ruling a country is called feudalism. For more than two centuries, feudalism continued in Japan; but soon after the country had been opened to world influences, a revolution took place that restored the power to the emperor.

And now comes the curious part of this history. It was the preaching of Christianity that finally caused the Japanese to shut themselves up in the vase, where they stayed for more than two centuries. Before the Christian Missionaries came to Japan to try to convert the Japanese to Christianity, the Japanese had welcomed foreigners; but the missionaries told the Japanese that their emperor was not a god, and that many things which the Japanese people believed were not true. These missionaries seem to have been rather untactful in their zeal, and the Japanese suspected them of trying to annex Japan to Spain. All these things angered the shoguns who ruled the country, and presently they turned against the missionaries and all other foreigners, except the Dutch, who also hated the missionaries. The shoguns then began a relentless persecution of all Christians, Japanese and foreign, and they were so savage about it that they

stamped out the new religion completely. All foreigners, except the Dutch, were forbidden to land in Japan, and all Japanese were forbidden to leave the country. If a Japanese succeeded in leaving the country by stealth, he was to be put to death on his return. In consequence, Japan became a hermit nation in 1614, shutting in her own people and shutting out all other peoples. The door of Japan was thus shut against the rest of the world, and it remained closed till 1853.

The man who did the actual unsealing of this island vase was an American. In July, 1853, there appeared off the coast of Japan, a squadron of American gunboats, in command of Commodore Matthew Perry. The Japanese had never seen Western gunboats before, and even the few smaller boats that they had seen had been forbidden to land. You can imagine their surprise and terror and curiosity when they saw Commodore Perry's squadron! Rumors spread among the people and caused wildest excitement.

There were, however, many reasons for sending American gunboats to Japan at that time. The whaling industry had attracted many American ships to the northern Pacific. The stories of cruelty and imprisonment told by sailors who had been wrecked upon the shores of Japan caused our government to demand



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that the Japanese recognize the rights of shipwrecked sailors. Then the discovery of gold in California and the growing trade with China caused a large number of steamships to be sent to the Pacific. This made it absolutely necessary to have coaling stations and ports of shelter on the Japanese coast.

Commodore Perry proved to be the right man for this delicate task. He showed the Japanese the presents he had brought for their Emperor: telegraphic instruments that would send messages over the wires even in their own language; a toy train of small cars with a tiny steam engine that would go flying over the track, and many other interesting things that the Japanese then knew nothing about. He asked merely for food, fuel and water for ships, and kind treatment for shipwrecked sailors. The Japanese soon learned that the big ships came on a peaceful errand, and before long, the Japanese had signed the first treaty of friendship with the United States.

A later treaty opened up Japanese trade and commerce and gave foreigners the right to live in the country. This treaty admitted our merchants and our missionaries and even the women of America—once so strenuously objected to by the Japanese Envoys. Similar treaties were soon made with other nations.

After that, the genie, Japan, began to come

out of his prison. He came slowly at first, letting himself out a little at a time, shaking himself to take the stiffness of centuries out of his joints, and looking around curiously on the strange world in which he had found himself; and the world at first didn't suspect his power.

The Japanese then asked themselves, "What things do the Western people consider most important?" And when they had watched us for a while they answered; "Power! power and force; great armies and navies, and far-reaching commerce;" and they set out to get these things so that they might become more like us; for one of the greatest things about the Japanese people is their ability to learn. Probably no other nation excels the Japanese in this; and they know, too, how to adapt what they learn so that they can best use it in their own lives. It is this ability, perhaps more than anything else, which has made Japan its friends—and its enemies; for every nation, like every person, has both friends and enemies.

When the Japanese, therefore, had decided that military and commercial power were the most important things in the eyes of the Western nations, they looked about to see how to get these things. They soon decided that France was the greatest European nation,



and they began to make their laws and their army like the French. Before they had got very far, however, a war broke out between the French and the Germans, called the Franco-Prussian War, and France was defeated. Then the Japanese decided that they had made a mistake, and that Germany was the more powerful nation; so they changed about and made over their army and much of their government after the German plan. We may or may not agree with them, but it was quite natural for them to think as they did, wasn't it?

Before long they had a chance to try out their new army and navy. In 1894-95 they had a war with the huge, sprawling empire of China, and China was badly defeated. It was then that the civilized world began to suspect something of the strength of this little nation, which had been let out of its prison; but it wasn't till Japan defeated Russia in the Russo-Japanese War in 1904-05 that the West quite realized how very strong indeed this little nation had grown to be. When the World War came, the Allies were very careful to include Japan, for Japan is today one of the great nations of the world. No important world-question can be considered, no vital treaty signed without the help of this nation, which, when your grandfather was a boy,

was considered a sort of toy country, a place of fans and paper lanterns and geisha girls.

At the present time the emperor has about as much power in Japan as the king has in England. It is rather an odd fact that Japan as she is today has other resemblances than this to England. If you will compare the maps of Europe and Asia, you will find that Great Britain and "Great Japan" lie in just the same way off the coast of a continent; and that just as England is called the "Gateway to Europe," so Japan is called the "Gateway to Asia."

Two nations situated as these two nations are must have certain things in common. They understand each other's problems, because they have just the same problems at home; and England and Japan have much in common. The wide and dangerous sea, which surrounds them, has done for them the same service. It has protected them from their enemies, so that they could more easily develop a civilization and a national character of their own; and, because the sea is a hard master, and unsafe to serve, it has made their people hardy and courageous.

When a nation is situated as these two are, certain things are pretty sure to happen. In the first place, if the climate and the physical conditions make these islands a pleasant place



to live in, more people are likely to want to live there than the country can take care of. Enough food cannot be grown, enough metals mined, or enough of certain articles manufactured to supply the need of the nation, while in other cases, there is a surplus of articles manufactured. It is like a room where there are too many persons crowded together. They jostle one another.

There are two ways to correct this, and both Great Britain and Japan have taken these ways. One way is by trading with other countries. They ship to other countries, products of which they have more than they need for their own use, and they get from other countries products of which they do not have enough. Even during the centuries when Japan was closed to the Europeans, she traded extensively with China; and now that Japan has awakened to our Western standards of living, her trade with the rest of the world, and particularly with the United States, is increasing very rapidly.

The other way of taking care of too dense a population is to annex new territories and found colonies where there are not so many people. Great Britain has a great many such colonies in different parts of the world. Japan has annexed Korea on the mainland of Asia, a part of the large island of Sakhalin to the

north, Formosa to the south and other smaller islands.

Of course, I do not mean to say that Great Britain and Japan are alike in all ways, for they most certainly are not. There are thousands of differences, but there are also these similarities.

All these things about Japan I have wanted you to know before you begin to read this book, so that you may understand better what you read. There is just one thing more I should like to add, and that is this:

In this book, we are going to visit Japan as the traveler visits it, in order to see the many fascinating things there are to see in this beautiful country. You will find that many things are not like the things at home. Many customs will seem strange to you, and many ideas may even seem quite topsy-turvy. I should like you to know and remember that the first thing a traveler has to learn, is not to blame another people because they do not think, act, or believe as he does. It is not by blaming, but by understanding, that we can hope to get the best from any people; for it is only by understanding others that we can ever hope to bring about the brotherhood of man, which is the highest ideal of a nation—the ideal on which our own American Republic was founded.



Japanese boatmen lustily sculling our sampan across a lake.

THE ISLANDS OF GREAT JAPAN

The old Japanese story which says that the islands of Japan were formed by drops of water dripping off the spear of Izanagi, is really a very good story in its way. If you look at the map you can quite easily imagine how the god waved his spear three times, with three big sweeps, and how the drops spread down the coast of Asia in three big festoons. He must have made the central festoon first, because the islands are bigger there, and then have

added the other two festoons as the drops grew smaller and smaller.

Of course the scientists tell quite a different story. They say that most of the islands are the tops of a chain of volcanic mountains, of which the lower parts are under water. I have no doubt that the scientists' story is truer than the other; but surely, in so wide a world, there is room for both stories.

At all events, whichever story you prefer, you must admit there are enough of the islands; for if you count them all there are nearly 3,000 of them! Some of them are merely rocks jutting out of the ocean, and many of them are no bigger than one of our large farms, but there are others which are as large as some of our states. Only the central group, however, which consists of four large islands and is known as Japan proper, is of very much importance. The islands to the north are so cold and barren that only a few fisher-folk live there; and those to the south, except Formosa, are so very small that they hardly count. Formosa is more important, but it is only partly Japanese, as it belonged to China until 1894, and is still rather Chinese in many ways.

If you could swing this long chain of islands over to the Atlantic coast, off our own shores, without changing the latitude, it would reach all the way from Labrador to Cuba. But in



spite of the fact that these islands stretch so far north and south, they really cover a small area. The combined area of these islands is about the same as that of the state of California. Not a large empire, you may think, but into this small area are crowded half as many people as there are in the entire United States. This little island empire, has a coast line of more than 17,000 miles.

The great chain of volcanoes which forms the backbone of the islands, takes up so much space that only about one-eighth of the land can be cultivated. If the Japanese people were not so very patient and industrious, if they did not fertilize the land so carefully, and live so frugally, they could not manage so well as they do. As it is, by taking the greatest sort of pains with every inch of the cultivated ground, the people succeed in raising two crops a year in a great part of the country.

But although the mountains take up a great deal of space in Japan, and seem to crowd out the fields that could be cultivated, they have their uses also. Many minerals are mined from them. Coal is the chief of these, with copper a close second. Then, too, the mountains have other virtues; for so many rapid streams run down their steep sides that Japan need never lack for water power. And the slopes are covered with forests, of which the



government takes great care, for they have seen the sad state of China, where centuries ago almost all the trees were cut down. Nearly sixty per cent of all the land on the islands is covered with forests, and many valuable things come from these forests. There is also the sea—but I shall tell you about the sea elsewhere.

The formation of the islands of Japan gives them another great advantage. It makes them very beautiful. There is probably no other place in the world more beautiful than the Inland Sea. This is a landlocked bit of



In the Inland Sea.

ocean that is really like a great lake, dotted with small islands. Out of the blue, mirror-like water rise sharp hills covered with bright green forests. Perched on the top of these hills are temples and tea gardens with sloping roofs, while over the water glide the lazy, square-sailed boats called junks. It is so beautiful that when you see it, you can hardly believe your eyes. You have to keep winking and blinking them and you feel like pinching yourself to make sure that you are not dreaming. Other parts of the country, too, are just as beautiful. It is no wonder that travelers in Japan so often speak of it as "fairylane;" and as for the Japanese themselves, they almost worship every beautiful spot in it, for a great love of the beauties of nature is a strong part of the Japanese character.

There is one other strange impression that travelers sometimes get about Japan. They think of it as a toy country, a land of dolls and make-believe. There are many reasons why they feel this way about it, but it is a great mistake, for Japan is not a nation of dolls. Underneath her graceful outside, Japan is a nation of very practical, very hard-working and very patriotic people; and if the god Izanagi, who dropped the islands off his spear, could look down now and see what use his descendants have made of them, he would

have reason to be very well satisfied indeed.

The majority of the people of the world think of Japan as the most eastern of all countries. Therefore in Europe, Japan is spoken of as part of the Far East. The Japanese themselves, have for ages called their country the Land of the Rising Sun. In America, however, we think of Japan as our nearest neighbor across the Pacific in the Far West.

"Great Japan" stands guard over the coasts of China and Russia and watches what comes to pass on the great continent of Asia, just as Great Britain stands guard over the coasts of Europe and watches what happens there. Japan is a halfway house today, a sort of cross between the East and the West. And what will be the meaning of her to the rest of the world only the coming centuries can tell.



Plowing in Japan.



The roofs of Yokohama.

YOKOHAMA, THE DOOR TO JAPAN

Do you remember the delightful little verse by Robert Louis Stevenson in which an American child says to the "Foreign Children,"

*"You must dwell beyond the foam,
But I am safe and live at home?"*

And later,

*"Little Turk or Japanee,
Oh, don't you wish that you were me?"*

Perhaps when you were younger, you really thought that foreign children felt that way; but

it would not take you a day in Japan to find out that the "little Japanee" does *not* wish that he were you. On the contrary, he thinks that Japan is a much more important country than the United States, and that it is a much more comfortable country to live in; and, however polite he may be about it, he thinks that you are a bit queer, just as you think that he is a little queer.

We don't agree with him, of course; but then neither does he agree with us, which seems fair enough to me; and as we are trying to learn to understand our neighbor across the sea, let us in this book see whether we can find out just how and what he really does think.

In the first place, let us remember that when in Japan we are the "foreigners." We are only visitors, merely guests on their shores. They are very polite to us and do many things to make us comfortable; but they always think of us as strangers, just as we always think of them as strangers when they come to visit America. So in this book when you see the word "foreigners," remember that it means an American like you or me, as well as an Englishman, a Frenchman, or a German who may be traveling in Japan.

Foreigners like us, then, when they go to Japan, almost always land in a city called Yokohama.

If you have ever traveled for two long weeks on the ocean, with only the vast expanse of water in sight, you know how thrilling your first glimpse of land is, and how the passengers rush to the ship's rail to watch for it! Slowly, oh so slowly, out of the endless horizon rises what looks at first like a tiny bank of clouds. As the hours pass by, it draws nearer and nearer, till you can quite distinctly see hills; and if you have a good field glass, you will also be able to see the houses on the hills. Then at last the harbor holds out its arms and the ship slips into them, and anchors.

It is in this way that one comes at first to Japan, to the Land of the Rising Sun; and in the harbor for the first time comes, too, that strange, bewildering feeling of the Orient. It is made of as many different feelings as there are different kinds of food in a dish of chop suey. There is surprise, and interest, and friendliness, and admiration; and there is also bewilderment and discomfort; and far, far back in one's heart is the little fear that comes when one does not quite understand. But all these feelings are so jumbled and blended together that they unite into one big feeling of bewilderment, just as the taste of each different kind of food in chop suey is united into one taste. And from the minute one first feels this sense of the Orient, it never leaves him till he is safe in his own land again.



The heart of Yokohama after the earthquake of 1923.

It is perhaps natural that this city should be the most Westernized in Japan, for it was in Yokohama that the first foreigners lived, after the country was opened to the world. By an agreement of the powers certain cities were opened, called "treaty ports," where foreigners might live and hold property. The American consulate was there, and the representatives of the other foreign nations. And this influence together with a growing commerce changed, practically in one

generation, an old-world, thoroughly Japanese city into a sort of oriental imitation of a Western seaport.

Before the great earthquake of September, 1923, which you will read about in another part of this book, the houses in the main section of Yokohama were Western houses, many of them of French architecture. The streets were wide European streets, with trolley cars and automobiles. The shops were like our shops, with glass fronts and Western showcases. And most of the people, especially the men, wore European clothes.



The downtown streets of the old Foreign Concession in Yokohama were like those of an English town.

This city, in one hideous disaster, was destroyed almost completely, so that hardly one stone was left upon another. The new city which is being built is, like the last one, thoroughly Western—even more so if possible. But it will probably never recover the importance of the old Yokohama.

There are several reasons for this, but probably the most important is a commercial reason. When Japan first began to trade with the rest of the world almost all the goods that left or entered the country came through Yokohama. But of late years the port of Kobe, further along the coast, has been growing in commercial power, because it is nearer the manufacturing centers. And Yokohama has been steadily losing ground. The earthquake and fire have hastened this change.

Yokohama is the port of entry for Tokyo, the great city which is the heart of modern Japan. Here the great passenger steamers stop to let foreigners like ourselves set forth on the great adventure of seeing the Land of the Rising Sun. And here also are landed all supplies for Tokyo. So for the West, Yokohama is the doorway to Japan.

But doorways, especially such a hurt and broken doorway as Yokohama must be for years to come, are not places to linger in. A doorway is made to pass through. So most



Relief workers wearing sanitary masks while searching through the chaos which was once the busy port of Yokohama.

travelers like us hasten away to Tokyo. They take the very modern electric railway that leads them in fifty minutes to the third largest city in the world. And they try not to decide what they think of a house or a country or a kingdom till they have passed the gateway and come to the place itself.

So let us go with them and see, if we can, why the Japanese think their own country so very important a country and so delightful to live in, in spite of disasters.

JINRIKISHAS

When a traveler comes to Japan, he comes by boat, of course; and it is possible to come from different directions, and to land at different ports. Sometimes the great steamers stop outside in the harbor, so that passengers come ashore in the queer flat sampans, or in chugging little European motorboats; and sometimes the steamers come quite close to the land, and dock as they do in America, so that the traveler walks comfortably down a gangplank.

But wherever he may land, or however he may come ashore, the minute he really sets his foot on the soil of Japan, the same thing is sure to happen to him that happens to everyone else. He finds himself in the center of a small crowd of smiling little brown men, each one pulling a sort of black armchair that is mounted on two wheels and looks like an enlarged baby carriage, and each one inviting the traveler to step into one of these queer carriages — the famous jinrikishas. The jinrikisha men, or Japanese man-horses, are very polite about it, however, not at all like the Chinese, who will sometimes form a ring around a traveler, shouting and throwing the shafts between his legs, until the poor fellow is so frightened that he is glad to get into the jinrikisha. In Japan they



This is a jinrikisha. The Japanese also call it a "kuruma." The human horse is called a "kurumaya." The clothes of the passengers are typical of the better class—dark, rich colors for the women, and bright colors for the children.

invite one with a winning smile, and it would be a queer traveler indeed who did not get into one of these man-drawn carriages as quickly as possible.

One could hardly imagine anything more amusing than one's first ride in a jinrikisha, or a "kuruma" as it is called in Japan. The vehicle itself is not so strange. It is not unlike the little old-fashioned buggy in which the kind old doctors in our country used to jog about the country roads in making calls, except that the kuruma has two wheels instead of four. It is black and shiny and comfortable, with rubber tires and padded cushions. Like the doctor's buggy, it has two shafts, but they are smaller, and curve down at the ends.

The strangest thing to us is the little man who trots between the shafts, pretending to be a horse. He is dressed in black, or very dark blue, and wears a short coat, — not a kimono like the other Japanese — and tight trousers. On his feet are black cloth stockings, which have ribbed rubber soles, like our tennis shoes. Or he sometimes runs in straw sandals. He seldom wears a hat, except when it rains, or the sun is very bright. Then he wears a big round affair made of straw that is really more like a small roof than like a hat. When he trots, his round black head bobs up and down in front of his passenger just as a horse's does; and at times it almost seems as if he could run as steadily as a horse. Often he will run for an hour without once stopping for breath.

The Japanese are very polite to these runners,

and call them "kurumaya-san," which means "honorable rickshawman;" but foreigners are not always polite; I have seen more than one white man get into a kuruma, jab the runner in the back with his cane to make him start, hit him on one side when he wished him to turn a corner, and jab him again when he wanted to stop. This makes one feel very sorry for the poor man-horses. Fortunately, however, it is now against the law in Japan to hit a runner.

It is not a very pleasant life they lead, these kurumayas, in spite of their smiling faces and their willingness; for it is very hard work indeed. Nature did not intend man to pull such a load, and it is a great strain on his heart. They say that a man can do this work for only about seven years before his health is broken. Sometimes one of these men will run gasping and wheezing and almost staggering between the shafts, so that it is very distressing for his passenger to ride with him. However they make good money at this work, which is the reason, of course, why they do it; and between runs, when they are resting, they seem to have a very jolly time, warming themselves over little stoves, chatting and laughing together as they eat their lunch with little wooden chopsticks, or play a game similar to checkers called "go."

They say the kuruma was invented by an

American missionary. While he was preaching in Japan years ago, his wife was taken ill and became an invalid. In those days the Japanese used bearer-chairs. These are chairs which are slung on poles and carried on the shoulders of two or four coolies. But the jolting of the chair with each step of the bearers hurt this poor invalid, and so her husband made a chair on wheels, which one man could pull, and which ran more smoothly and much more rapidly, too. It was much harder work, however, for the man who pulled it, and so it is hard to decide whether this missionary did the Japanese people a real kindness when he invented it.

Sometimes accidents happen to the kurumas. There are a great many hills in Japan, and if a runner is coming down a steep hill with a heavy passenger behind him, the rickshaw will get to going so fast that he cannot stop it. He is then likely to run into something. I know of one such accident, but it had an odd and happy ending.

A famous American poet was once riding in a kuruma in Tokyo; and as he rode along, he was thinking of a Japanese friend of his, also a poet, named Yone Noguchi, and wondering how he could find him. He knew that Mr. Noguchi lived in Tokyo; but as Tokyo has several million people, and there is no such thing there as a directory, the American poet had



Jinrikisha runners toasting their fingers over a charcoal fire on a chilly morning.

about given up all hope of finding his friend. Suddenly, at the bottom of a hill, his runner lost control of the kuruma and ran full tilt into another jinrikisha in which a Japanese gentleman was riding, and they were all spilled out in a heap. When the angry Japanese gentleman had picked himself up from the pavement, who should it be but Yone Noguchi! The two poets at once agreed that while this was not a very polite way of finding a friend, it was really much better than not to find him at all. Don't you think so, too?

IRONING WITHOUT IRONS

If a traveler, going to the Orient, crosses the Pacific on a Japanese steamer, he will find it a strange halfway house between the East and the West. The steamer itself is like any Western liner, large, comfortable, and with all the conveniences of a floating hotel. But it is all run by Japanese. From the neat little officers in their spruce uniforms, down to the coolie boy who washes the clothes, everyone is from "Nippon," as they themselves call their country.



No clothespins in Japan! The washing is snapped into the clips formed by tightly twisted clotheslines.

Because they are Japanese, they do almost everything just a little differently from the way we do things. They have adopted our ways, but they have adapted them to their own use. Look, for instance, at the picture of a man hanging out the towels to dry. The towels are just like the ones we use in our own bathroom. They are thoroughly Western. But see how the Japanese, with their great skill at handicraft of all kinds, have found a truly Eastern way of hanging them up. Instead of using clothespins, this man has twisted two ropes together, and is putting the corner of each towel through one of the twists. They will stay quite as well this way as the other, in spite of the ocean breeze, so the awkward bag of pins is not necessary.

This is, after all, only half Japanese, since, after they are dried, these towels will be ironed as we iron them. Curiously enough, the Japanese themselves, when they are doing their laundry at home, never use irons at all. The Chinese at home use a sort of round brass pot with a handle, into which they put burning charcoal, so that it stays hot much as an electric iron does. Perhaps that is why the Chinese laborers in America do laundry work so well! The Japanese have quite a different system.

They have large, flat, drying frames, made of very smooth boards, and they spread the damp clothes out flat on them, and leave them



Kimonos are usually taken apart for washing and the sections are "ironed" by being spread on a drying-board like this.

to dry, exactly as an American woman, when she is caught without an extra handkerchief, will wash her soiled one and stick it on the mirror. Just as the handkerchief comes off the mirror smooth, so the Japanese wash is smooth when it is taken off these boards.

This works very well, of course, for flat things like towels. But every Westerner always asks, "How do they manage with their kimonos?" Each questioner is much surprised at the answer, for the Japanese rip their clothes completely to pieces every time they wash them! Did you ever notice that in a kimono all the pieces are



When kimonos are washed whole, they are hung out like this to dry. Note the roof weighted down with stones to keep it from blowing off.

straight pieces? There is not a gather or a tuck or a dart in them, so that, when they are ripped apart, all that is left is a number of small pieces which can be spread out perfectly flat on the drying frames.

This seems like a great deal of unnecessary work to us; and it must be admitted that even in Japan the poor people, who have a great deal of other work to do, sometimes wash their kimonos just as they are, stick a long pole through the sleeves, and leave them rough dry; but everyone who is at all careful uses the boards. The boards have this advantage, that the cloth

is never pulled out of shape as it sometimes is with our ironing.

When the pieces are dry and smooth, there remains the task of sewing them together again. This is not really so very much trouble, because any woman will tell you that it is easy to sew two straight pieces together well enough to last till next wash day. If a woman does not want to do it herself, there are always tailors.

Once when I was in Tokyo, I sent a little Japanese maid to ask a very good tailor what he would charge to make me a new kimono, in the proper Japanese fashion. This is, of course, much more expensive than sewing a ripped-up one together again.

The "Honorable Miss Yone" came back shamefacedly and said, "That man is a cheat. He knows you are a foreigner and he charges entirely too much. I will not let him make it."

"But how much does he want?" I asked, with visions of the prices of American tailors.

The little maid was so embarrassed that she could hardly answer me, but at last she stammered apologetically, "Seventy-five cents!"

If a cheating tailor asks a foreigner, who is an easy mark in any country in the world, only seventy-five cents for making a new kimono, how much do you suppose it would cost a Japanese merely to have a washed one sewed together?



Old-style firemen with the fantastic standards used in signaling to the men at the hand-pumps when to pump.

EARTHQUAKES AND FIRES

There are a few places in the world where earthquakes are almost a daily occurrence. Such a place is Japan. Indeed there is no place on the earth quite so unhappy in this way as the beautiful little islands of Japan.

Most of the quakes, of course, are not violent, and can be felt only by the delicate instruments which record these disturbances.

But in these earthquake regions, there is always the danger that a great shock will some-day come. And when it does come the solid earth quakes, much as gelatine quakes on a shaken plate. Then man discovers that for all his strength and prowess he is only a toy in the hands of the forces of nature, and his greatest works of pride and beauty go from him like puffs of smoke on the wind.

Such an earthquake took place in the principal island of Japan on September 1st, 1923. It has been called by those who should know "The greatest disaster in history." At noon on that day—it was a Saturday—while the people of Tokyo and Yokohama were about their business, and the sun of a late summer day beat on the unsuspecting countryside, suddenly, without the slightest warning, this disaster came upon them.

The earth beneath the people's feet began to crawl and heave like the deck of a steamer, moving both up and down and from side to side. Buildings fell like the houses we build with cards, crushing to death thousands of unfortunate beings within their walls. Whole sections of both cities collapsed, those houses which withstood the first shock falling in the later ones; in Tokyo, a tower of many stories in one of the parks fell, killing hundreds; in Yokohama great factories collapsed, and the

workers were killed at their posts. Everywhere death passed like a great wind. No one will ever know just how much damage was done, or just how many were killed.

Here is a description of the first effects of the shock, by an American newspaper man who was in Tokyo when it happened.

"Three minutes before noon came a grinding blow beneath our feet. The earth groaned, buildings began to shift and creak. Then with a roar came the first of a series of tremendous shocks.

"The ground swayed and swung, making a foothold almost impossible, while from every building rose a fine dust, darkening the sky. The crunching of swaying buildings rose to a roar and then a deafening cascade sound as the pitching, swaying structures began to crumble and fall."

He goes on to tell what the unhappy people did.

"A few seconds after the warning tremor, the buildings began pouring out frightened occupants, colliding with one another and falling as the ground heaved and swung. Tripping over the first litter in the streets, they all ran, staggering and falling, in the directions of the closest open ground. All were pallid with fright, a few fainting and many laughing hysterically."



In the parks and the open squares the people collected. Here they were safe from falling walls, and here they waited while the shocks grew less and less violent. For many hours the shocks continued, though after the first six or eight minutes they were not serious.

But if the poor people thought that even this horror was the last, they were soon to find otherwise. For the great ally of earthquakes, Fire, swept over them.

All Japanese cities, even Tokyo, are cities of small wooden houses set close together. And these houses burn like tinder. In the earthquake shocks, electric wires are broken, gas mains are shattered, stoves overturned. And it seems to be a peculiarity of earthquakes that high winds follow them, fanning the flames into a furnace. This was so in our own great earthquake in San Francisco, and it was so in Japan, where the wind blew in turn from every point of the compass. Four hours after the shock, seventy-six major fires were burning, sweeping in every direction, working far greater damage than the earthquake itself.

In the fire whole sections of the city were burned clean. In many places not a building was left standing for many acres. In some places all signs even of the streets were wiped out. You can see in the photographs that

this one disaster reduced the great business center and many other portions of the third largest city in the world to the same state of desolation and destruction to which the years of war reduced some of the little towns in France.

Countless thousands of people who had escaped death found themselves homeless and penniless, their houses burned, their fortunes swept away. Carrying what little they could on their backs, they camped in the open parks and open spaces, or struggled over the cracked and broken roads northward and eastward. Food and water were lacking for days. Plague



Distributing food to the starving refugees.

broke out among them. If it had not been for the prompt and efficient work of the Japanese government, and for the help that came most generously from the rest of the world—the United States, I am glad to say, lead in generosity—many more thousands must have perished.

This was in Tokyo. In Yokohama the destruction and the loss of life were even greater, for Yokohama was nearer the center of the quake. At the first shock the Grand Hotel, the oldest and one of the best foreign hotels in the Orient, collapsed like a card house, killing almost everyone in it. Factories and warehouses went down, business houses collapsed, even the recently completed docks



All that remained of the main building of the United States Naval Hospital in Yokohama.

were crushed, killing many persons who had come down to see friends off on a great steamer. Hardly a building in the entire city was left standing. And then the fire came and destroyed what little was left.

The quake had forced water out of the earth in many places, and many of the people in Yokohama who were saved, lay in the water in the parks with their faces and heads covered with mud, and so escaped being burned.

But the sea also took its toll of lives. The first great shocks had forced the water away from the land, and the returning wave swept inland, not at Yokohama but further westward along the coast at Kamakura, carrying back as it receded the debris of wrecked houses and the bodies of drowned victims.

In January, 1924, the Japanese government issued an official estimate, placing the loss of life at 192,000 dead and missing. Many authorities place the figure at 350,000 or more. Many of the stories of this disaster are too horrible for words. Nearly five billion dollars worth of property was destroyed. The destruction to the works of art and beauty, of which there are so many in Japan, can never be even estimated.

But this was not by any means the first earthquake disaster that Japan has suffered, although by far the greatest. The Japanese

people have always lived in terror of this very thing. Time and time again the cities have been swept so by quake and fire. Time and time again they have been rebuilt. The islands have about 1,500 earthquakes a year, or an average of about four a day. In the months before the great quake, this number had increased to nearly sixteen quakes a day. Most of these of course could be detected only by sensitive instruments.

Long ago the people learned to do what they could to lessen the danger. It is largely because of the earthquakes that Japanese houses are built as they are, of light wood, put together loosely, the beams of the houses usually held together with ropes instead of nails. This allows them to give when the shocks come. An average Japanese house can sway a foot or even more from side to side without being injured. And also the loss is not great if such houses are destroyed. In a very short time they can be rebuilt. And, until recently, it has seemed that this was all that could be done.

But now that modern buildings of steel construction are being built, there is a new hope for the Japanese cities. For man, in spite of his smallness in the face of a great upheaval of nature, has this greatness in the heart of him, that his spirit refuses to be

crushed with his works, and that he rises again with new courage, to attack the work of rebuilding. No people in the world has more of this courage than the Japanese. The cities of Japan are already being rebuilt, and in a very few years the traveler will find the country again about its business as of old, all marks of the tragedy erased and new lessons learned through its horror.

The greatest of these new lessons is the value at such a time of the modern steel frame buildings. In the pictures you can see



Ruins of the financial district of Tokyo. Notice that many Western style buildings withstood the quake.

that many of the new Western buildings in Tokyo withstood not only the quake, but the fire. They are left standing in the midst of the destruction, like signposts pointing the way of the future. It has been estimated that 80 per cent of the foreign buildings were left standing after the quake, though many of them were burned in the fire that followed. The new Imperial Hotel in Tokyo, built by an American architect, is a good example of this. In spite of its heavy construction it was uninjured, and served as a refuge for most of the foreigners in Tokyo in the terrible weeks after the quake.

It is unfortunate for the beauty of old Japan, for the picturesque side which made the country so charming to visitors like ourselves, that this should be so. But in the new Tokyo which is being built, in which most of the buildings will undoubtedly be Western, and in which the streets will be wider and the living conditions more like those in Europe, human life will be more secure.

Yet even this will ease matters only a little. For the "destruction that wasteth at noon-day" is something that no man can prevent, and, unless some great calming change takes place in the bowels of the earth, our neighbors, the Japanese, will never be free from the menace of sudden, inescapable calamity.



The huge Marunouchi Building in Tokyo. This is the first thing you see as you come out of the railway station.

TOKYO—THE CAPITAL

You've heard the story of the phoenix, haven't you, the mythical bird that rises triumphant from its own funeral pyre, the same, yet not the same? That bird is very much like the city of Tokyo today.

In the great earthquake and fire of September, 1923, the old city was so nearly destroyed that hardly more than a third of it was left standing. But such is the courage and the energy of the Japanese that in a few



short weeks, almost before the last burned ruins were cold, the new city was beginning to rise. Temporary shelters and shops were going up, and plans for a new and greater Tokyo were taking shape. We know that many of the new buildings of this great city will be built of steel and concrete. Tokyo will be more Western even than it was before, and that is saying a great deal; for even before the disaster Tokyo was rapidly becoming like one of the cities in the United States. This was easier to accomplish because Tokyo is really a new city, as cities go in Japan, and has grown almost as fast as Chicago during the last fifty years. When Kyoto was in its glory, Tokyo was only a fishing village.

Tokyo is not only the capital, but also one of the most important commercial cities of Japan, and, naturally enough, in it centers the changes that have taken place in the last half-century, during which Japan, as someone has said, has "rushed from the fourteenth century into the twentieth." The result has been to make Tokyo one of the strangest cities in the world; for in Tokyo you can see Japanese gentlemen dressed in immaculate Western afternoon clothes, with frock coats and silk hats, while their wives clatter along beside them in kimonos and geta. In the little shops that look as though



Downtown in Tokyo. The costumes are Japanese, but nearly everything else is foreign—lamp-posts, trolley cars, bicycles and buildings.

they were still in the Middle Ages, you can see telephones. You can see street cars beside rickshas, and automobiles beside coolies who carry loads swung across their shoulders on bamboo poles. You can see modern banks, department stores, and hotels beside Japanese houses with ceremonial gardens; and you can see resident foreigners beside groups of chattering geishas, who go "moon-viewing" on the Sumida River.

But though Tokyo is very interesting, I think you would not find it beautiful; very

few Westerners do, although there are many parks in Tokyo, and some of them are very beautiful. It is very big and sprawly, and the Tokyoites — if that is what we should call them in English — say that it covers nearly a hundred square miles. Perhaps they exaggerate a little, but if you had ever trotted in a ricksha, as I have done, for two solid hours, going from one part of the city to another, you would at least agree that it was pretty widely spread out.

The city, roughly speaking, is egg-shaped, and a little river called the Sumida, runs by one side of it, down into Tokyo Bay. In the very center of the city is the emperor's palace, and around it are the government and city buildings, the foreign embassies, the business district, and the hotels. All around the edge, except by the bay, are the residence districts and the factories.

The city is divided into fifteen different wards or departments, and a Tokyo street address always includes the name of one of these wards as well as the name of the street. There are a certain number of wide straight streets like our own streets, with regular pavements and street cars, but there are also thousands of little narrow streets no wider than alleys running every which way, like hen-scratches. If you wish to go

to a residence that you have not visited before, you first go to the ward and then begin to ask questions till you find the street. After that you go up the street asking more questions till you find the house, because very few people in the residence district bother with numbers. Even the ricksha runners find their way about in this way; so you can guess how confusing some parts of the city must be to a poor foreigner.

In the shuffling together of the old and the new, most of the residence district has remained Japanese, while most of the business



The Ginza or principal shopping street of Tokyo as it was before the earthquake.

district has turned Western. The Ginza, the principal shopping-street, and the other business streets, might be found in almost any city you know. They have trolley cars, telephone wires, and electric lights. Automobiles dash up them between the rows of shops like ours, where you can buy everything you can buy at home. There are many restaurants like ours, because many Japanese now like foreign food; and there is even a grand opera house! Some of these things are for the use of the large colony of Westerners who live in Tokyo regularly, but most of them are for the modern Japanese.

One thing in Japan is so "American" that foreigners often have to laugh. This is the newspaper business. Tokyo has as many newspapers as any city in our country, and they are just as much in evidence. Crowds of little brown reporters flock to every event of importance, and to meet every incoming ship. I have even known them to ask a foreigner, before he had got off the ship, what he thought of Japan!

Tokyo is the center of learning and of science for the country. It has three large universities and several smaller ones. It was at the Imperial University here that Lafcadio Hearn — an author of Irish-Greek parentage,

who probably understood Japan better than any other Westerner has ever understood it—lectured on English literature for many years. Hearn married a Japanese wife, took the name of Yakumo Koizumi, and became a Japanese citizen because he loved the country so much. If you really wish to understand the charming side of the Japanese character, read some of his books when you grow a little older. Some of them are as interesting as fairy-tales.

Tokyo is a very clean city. In spite of the fact that the modern sewage system does not yet cover the entire city, it is scrupulously cleaned and washed. Twice a year



The Nihombashi—the starting point for measuring distances in Japan.



the people are compelled by law to have a general housecleaning, when every mat must be taken up, and every bit of woodwork scrubbed.

The city has many bridges, some of them span the river, and some the canals that cut the city. The most famous of these is the Nihombashi, or Japan Bridge. The old bridge which stood here was a favorite subject with the makers of prints. Long ago, the notices forbidding the practice of Christianity were posted on this bridge. A modern bridge, which withstood the earthquake, has replaced the old structure; and this bridge is still the center from which all distances in Japan are measured.

Some of the suburbs of the city are very charming, for here modern buildings have not yet come. There are picturesque Japanese inns, and blossoming gardens. In the spring whole avenues are gay with cherry blossoms.

Tokyo is really the heart of Japan today, a strange heart, divided against itself, looking back affectionately toward the old, but rushing forward proudly into the new. In another hundred years who knows what it will be like? Perhaps like Chicago! In the meanwhile it remains the most curious mixture in the world, two civilizations fighting for survival; — two cities shuffled together.

THE WAY OF THE BUDDHA

When foreigners, like ourselves, visit Japan, India or China, they soon realize that they have come to the other side of the globe, and that they must learn something about the religious beliefs of these countries in order to understand the people and know the meaning of the temples, statues, sacred shrines, and bands of pilgrims which they see at all times and in nearly all places.

There are two great religions in Japan. They are called Shintoism, "The Way of the Gods," and Buddhism, "The Way of the Buddha." Shintoism is the older of these two religions and it is now called "The National Religion" of Japan. We shall tell you about Buddhism here and about Shintoism in a later chapter of this book.

Some of you have surely read "Kim," that beautiful, vivid book by Rudyard Kipling, about a little Irish boy in India who wanders over the country with a holy man. This kindly, gentle old "lama," as the holy man is called, is a Buddhist, a follower of Buddha; and in his patience, his remoteness from everyday life, and his desire to be freed from "The Wheel of Life," he

represents for us the best of the followers of that ancient religion.

Kipling begins the book with a little verse, which goes:

O ye who tread the Narrow Way
By Tophet-flare to Judgment Day,
Be gentle when the heathen pray
To Buddha at Kamakura!

For whoso will, from pride released,
Contemning neither man nor beast,
May hear the Soul of all the East
About him at Kamakura.



Looking down on the Great Buddha and the site of the great city of Kamakura, which is now merely a village.

Kamakura, of which he speaks, is a little town in Japan, not far from Yokohama, where the most famous statue of Buddha, the Dai-Butsu or "Great Buddha" sits among the hills facing the sea. And it is quite true that here you may feel "the Soul of all the East;" for to this statue, many, many thousands of pilgrims come every year, to look at the great calm face, and to feel the deep sense of peace that lies over this silent figure. Seven hundred years it has sat there, with folded hands and downcast eyes, while time and war and flood have passed over it; and if you stand long enough, looking at it, and listening to the wind in the pines beside it, something of its own peace comes to you also. Your own little troubles and worries seem to slide away from you; and you feel strangely comforted, and happy.

When this statue was new, a great city, where a million people lived, lay between it and the sea. Now this city is little more than a village, and rice fields and grassy lanes are spread where the palaces of the shoguns used to be. For war and time and flood, which have left the great Buddha untouched, have destroyed the city almost completely. Once, long ago, a beautiful temple covered the statue; but a great



tidal wave came out of the ocean about four hundred years ago, and swept this temple with the houses of the city, into the sea. Only the statue resisted the waters, and now it sits alone in solitary grandeur. The only columns that surround it now are the whispering pines and the cherry trees, and the only roof that shelters it now is the arch of the deep blue sky. To the devout Buddhist, this has been a symbol that the heart of the teaching of their great master cannot be touched by outward things.

The statue is very large — one of the largest works in bronze that man has ever made. Its eyes, of which the pupils are pure gold, are on a level with the tree tops, and there is a hall of worship inside the statue, where a hundred people can stand at once. But the peace that seems to come from the statue is not because it is large, although its size may help to create this sense of calmness, nor even because the statue is old, although its age may help also. The peace comes because the statue is *beautiful*.

For the sculptor who designed it, and the workers who cast it in bronze so many centuries ago, have put into the seated figure, not only knowledge and skill in art, but also a great religious love and reverence,

just as the old masters of the West put into their paintings of the Virgin and the Christ Child all the love of their hearts. This statue is not an idol, any more than these paintings are idols. It is simply a loving representation of a man who lived five hundred years before the Christ Child, — a man who is known and revered by many millions of people throughout the East, under the name of Gautama Buddha.

The word "Buddha" is not in reality a name, but only a title, just as our word "Christ" is a title. "Buddha" means "The Enlightened One;" and Buddhism teaches that there were other, lesser Buddhas before Gautama, who prepared the way much as the prophets prepared the way for Christ; but today when this title is used alone it always stands for Gautama Buddha.

The name by which the Buddha was known, when he was born at the foot of the Himalayas in India, was Prince Siddartha. Many books have been written about his life, and this is the way they tell the story: Prince Siddartha's father was a great king, of the royal line of Gautamas, and his mother, Queen Maya was a beautiful and virtuous queen, who died soon after her son was born. His mother's delicate beauty was likened to that of the spring flowers, and

she was called Maya, "The Illusion," because those who saw her loveliness thought their eyes must be deceived. The young prince grew up with everything that could make life happy and worth living. He had a strong and beautiful body and a gentle, loving spirit. He had, too, wealth and luxury and honor. When he was old enough, he married a princess, whom he loved and who bore him a son.

There was one curious thing about the early life of the prince. His father was so anxious that nothing should hurt him that he hid away from the palace all sorrowful things, old age, sickness and death. And he gave orders that, when the prince drove abroad, every evil sight should be hidden away; so the prince grew up without knowing that such things existed. One day, when he was already a grown man, he drove out with his coachman into the country, and there he saw an old, old man, bent and broken by age, limping and nearly blind, who had not heard the king's orders.

"What ails this man," asked the prince.

"Sire, it is old age, which comes to all," answered the coachman, "everyone must grow old and worn at last."

Then the prince, horrified, asked other questions; and the coachman told him of

sickness and of death, and showed him a sick man and also a dead man.

"It is the way of life," said the coachman, "sickness, suffering, unhappiness and death."

The prince drove back to the palace, but he could not forget these things. He had a very tender heart, and it distressed him terribly to think that there was so much unhappiness in the world. He thought more and more about this, until pity for mankind became the strongest sentiment in his heart.

Then one day, when he was twenty-nine years old, he left his kingdom, his wife whom he loved, and all his honors and wealth. He put on the yellow robe of the wandering priests of India, who beg their food from door to door, and he went away secretly to try to find a cure for the sorrow of the world. For seven years he wandered from place to place, meditating and studying. He tried all the ways that the people of India practiced in those days to find out the truth; but none of them satisfied him.

At last, after seven years, he sat one day under a tree called the Bo tree, in the position of meditation in which his statue sits, with his feet folded under him and his hands together. For a day and a night he



sat thus; and at last, at dawn, he received "enlightenment;" that is, he found the way by which he thought man might be delivered from his sufferings.

After that, he went up and down the country, preaching. Because he was such a good man, he was received everywhere with honor; and many people believed what he taught. His fame spread "like the sound of a great bell hung in the canopy of the skies." He went home, too, to the wife and son and father whom he had left, and they also believed in his teaching. But he never took his kingdom back, and he would not live at home, but spent the rest of his life in traveling over the country. He grew to be an old man, but continued preaching; and before he died, he had founded the great religion in which many millions of people still believe.

This is the story of the life of Buddha as the books tell it. Everyone does not, of course, believe what he taught; but there can be no doubt that he was a great and good man — one of the very greatest — and that he lived a pure and holy life.

Buddha, himself, never claimed to be divine, although his followers have claimed this for him. He taught only that he had found the way of deliverance; and that by

doing good deeds, living a pure life, and conquering all passion in himself, anyone might find it as well as he. He loved not only all mankind, but all the rest of nature as well, and especially the animals. It is said that the wild animals were not afraid of him, but that the shyest of them would eat from his hand, because they knew he loved them. He taught also that it was wrong to kill any living thing, even for food. In consequence, after all these centuries, the devout Buddhists do not eat meat.

Buddha taught many things that are very hard for us in the West to understand—no matter how old we are—because we look at things so differently from the way the East looks at them. We believe in action, while they believe in meditation. We spend more time in doing things than we do in thinking about them, while they spend more time thinking about things than in doing them; so we find it hard, in spite of the hymns which tell us that this life is a “vale of tears,” to believe that it is always unhappy to be alive. But Buddha’s whole teaching is founded on the thought that we need to be delivered from life itself.

He did not think that simply dying would deliver us from life and the sorrow of life, because he thought, as all the people of



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India of his time also believed, and believe to this day, that every soul is born many, many times, in many different bodies. The Buddhists, as the followers of Buddha are called, believe that the body that incases a soul in one life depends on the lives it lived before. They believe that if a man has been a good man, and lived a good life, next time he will be born in a happier circumstance; but that if he has been evil, he will be born the next time in a lower and more unhappy form, even perhaps as an animal. They also believe that a good animal might next time be born a man.

Buddha taught that if a man went on growing better and better, through life after life, growing more kindly in deed and pure in heart, he would at last come to a blessed state called "Nirvana." He would no longer need to be born again into this sorrowful world, but could rest forever. He would then cease to exist as a separate person, but would become a part of the great law that governs all things. Some Western people have said that "Nirvana" is really a state of nothingness, but that, I think, is because they have not understood very well what Buddha meant by Nirvana. Certainly the good Buddhist does not understand it that way. The sacred Buddhist sentence is, "Om

mani padme hum," which means "The dew-drop slips into the sea." It means also that, as the dewdrop is lost in the sea, so will man be lost in the great universal Law.

All this is hard for us to understand; but Buddha taught many things that are simpler. He taught that man must conquer all evil passion in himself and all selfish desire, because sorrow and sin come from desire. If a man has no selfish desire, he commits no evil. In this way he taught self-control, and also the great calm which comes from self-control. He taught that we should love all living things, as he did, and try to help them. He also taught that greatness lies in a man himself, not in the outward things of life, so that a beggar might be greater in heart than a king; and he taught many other things.

But it is hard at times to find out just what Buddha himself did teach, and what things were added afterwards, because the religion that he founded, has grown to be very complicated in the centuries since he lived. There are now ever and ever so many different kinds of Buddhists, just as there are many classes of Christians; the Catholics and the Episcopalians and the Methodists and all the others; and as in our own religion, so each sect of Buddhism

teaches a little differently from the others. Some of these sects are much better and purer than others; but the best of them have fallen far below the standard of Buddha's life and teaching. There are many superstitions in Buddhism today, and many other things that are not good. If this prince could come back to earth today, he would certainly not approve of some of the things that are done in his name.

Buddhism was founded in India, but it is not now of such importance in that country as it is in some of the others to which it has spread. It is found in China, though it is not very important, nor very pure there now; nor in Tibet, where Kim's "lama" came from; nor in Ceylon, and other places. But perhaps the most important center of Buddhism today is Japan; for in Japan there is now a real revival of Buddhism. It was brought there from Korea in the sixth century; and, though there are now several different sects, they all use the purer forms of this religion.

All through the country are great and beautiful Buddhist temples. These temples are always kept scrupulously clean; even the pathways and grounds about them are swept with brooms, lest the worshippers should accidentally step on and kill some



Stone images of Buddha along the river bank near Nikko. Every time you try to count them you get a different total. Strange—but true!

small creature or insect, and so disobey Buddha's command not to kill. The temples are always open; and, at almost any time, one can see groups of people rubbing the palms of their hands together reverently before a shrine, or kneeling at a service, repeating their appeal to their master, "Namu Amida Butsu,"—"Hear Lord Buddha."

Naturally enough, a great religion like

Buddhism has its friends and its enemies, just as every other religion has. Its friends think that at its best it makes people become like the old "lama," kindly, patient, self-controlled, and not easily disturbed by the little cares of everyday life. Its enemies think that at its worst it makes people pessimistic and worldly. But it is never good in this life to look at anything or anybody through the eyes of enemies. We grow greater and better only through sympathy and understanding; for if we hate, we cannot understand; and, if we understand, we no longer hate. As the great Madame de Stael used to say, "To understand all is to forgive all."

So if you should ever go to Japan, try to do as Kipling tells you; and, "contemning neither man nor beast," stand before the great statue at Kamakura and try to feel "the Soul of all the East." If you do this conscientiously, you will find that the great peace and beauty of this old symbol will come to you, too; for, whatever we may think of the religion that has come down to our day, we of the West have much to learn from the East; and most of all, perhaps, we can learn from the life and wisdom of that great teacher, Gautama, the Buddha.



A famous cherry tree near Kyoto. The blossom-laden branches are supported by tall props.

CHERRY BLOSSOMS

Japan is often called the "Land of Cherry Blossoms." This is a true name, for in the springtime, when the clouds of blossoms hang on every hillside, the hearts of the people bloom

with them; and everybody, rich and poor, old and young, hold high festival. Other countries have cherry trees also, but where else is the blossoming a national holiday?

The difference between the cherry trees of Japan and those of the rest of the world lies in this: the cherry trees of Japan are not raised for their fruit, but only for their flowers. The Japanese do not think much of the little, uninteresting fruit which grows on their cherry trees. They are not looking for fruit, but for beauty; so they raise those trees which have the most beautiful blossoms, while we raise trees which give us the best fruit. If you think about this, you will see that there is a great difference between the two.

Ever since the eighth century, the cherry blossom has been the national flower of Japan, and in the ninth century the emperor began giving imperial garden parties to view the blossoms. These parties are still given by the emperor of today. In the centuries between, the festival of cherries has grown and grown till now it has first place in the hearts of the people.

The cherry blossom season lasts only a few days, beginning about the tenth of April; but during those few days, everyone in the empire goes to see them, and to rejoice in the fleeting beauty and fragrance of them. Every city has

its favorite viewing-places, in parks, in temple inclosures, on wild hillsides, or on the cliffs beside the sea. Those who work in the daytime, and cannot go by daylight, go in the evening, when the trees are lighted by torches and flares or by the pale beams of the moon.

Some of the blossoms are single, and these usually bloom first. While the single blossoms are falling, the great double blossoms burst into bloom, covering the branches till nothing is to be seen of the tree itself but a gray trunk and a few slender branches. It is as if a rosy cloud had come down and rested on the gnarled trees. Some of these blossoms are pure white, so that the falling petals are like falling snowflakes; some of them are pink-tipped; some are rosy all through; and some are a still deeper color, almost a light crimson. There is one blossom tinged with yellow, like a tea rose. Nearly a hundred varieties there are, and each one has a beauty peculiar to itself.

The poets of Japan have always loved the cherry blossoms, and thousands of poems have been written about them, for nearly everyone in Japan is a poet. When the branches bend with their snowy weight, you can often see among the blossoms gay bits of paper that flutter in the wind. These are poems that persons have written and hung there, out of the gladness of their hearts. One of the prettiest of



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these poems is written about the petals of the blossom after they have fallen and are drifting like snowflakes on the ground. It says:

I thought I saw the fallen petals
Returning to their branches.
Behold! Butterflies were they.

Many of these poems are very difficult for us to understand, because they are so very condensed, and say so much in so little space. We can understand our own English poetry better. After all, what Japanese has understood the cherry blossoms better than that English Shropshire Lad who wrote this little poem, itself as lovely as a blossom:

*Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy years a score,
It leaves me only fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodland I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

*From "A Shropshire Lad" by A. E. Housman, by courteous permission of the publishers, Dodd, Mead and Company, New York.

OFF THE BEATEN PATH

In the old days in Japan, as in the old days everywhere, traveling was a long and tedious affair. It took weeks to get from one part of the country to another. The shoguns and their pet Samurai or retainers, rode on horses, as you can see in so many of the old prints. If you have ever seen any of these old pictures of Japanese horses, you will have noticed what odd beasts they were. The pictures are exaggerated, of course, as all Japanese art seems to us to exaggerate the things it touches, but it is really true that Japanese horses, even today, have a different expression on their faces from our horses. They always seem to be smiling a queer, wild smile, almost as camels are always smiling.

In the old days only the men rode on horses. The women were either carried in palanquins on the backs of coolies, or were driven in slow, two-wheeled carts drawn by bullocks. The carts had curtains of bamboo so passers-by could not see the women. Having no springs, the carts were very uncomfortable. Nowadays a few of the bullocks are still used in the country districts, but they are now used only to haul heavy loads, and the old carts have disappeared. The Japanese are very kind to these bullocks,



In hot weather the bullocks that haul heavy carts have "awnings" like this to protect them from the sun.

and have made a funny affair like an awning to protect the beasts' spines from the hot summer sun.

Another slow and tedious way of transporting freight, which is still used, is to tow it along the canals and slower rivers in barges. Coolies walk along the towpaths beside the canal dragging the barges after them with ropes.

In the country districts, too, you can still see a sort of horse-drawn omnibus, called a basha. In the villages these basha are rather like our own old-fashioned omnibuses, but through the



Left: An old-fashioned bus is called a basha in Japan. It is usually without springs and painful to ride in. Right: Man-power barges and electric trolley cars in Kyoto.

hill country they run on tracks like street-car tracks. As the horse which pulls them walks all the way, they can hardly be called rapid transit; but nobody is in a hurry, so what does it matter? Once when I was crossing the hills in such a basha we dipped down into a little valley and at the bottom of it we met another similar vehicle going in the opposite direction on the same track. We drew up till the two horses stood with their heads together. Such a jabbering as the drivers made!

Then suddenly it all stopped, and the passengers of the two cars were honorably requested to change places. We got into the other car, the driver moved his horse around to the back end of it, the first driver did likewise, and all was well. The only trouble was that a "freight" car, attached to the basha we were first in, could not be moved from the rear end, and so it had to go back where it came from!

Traveling in the mountains is never easy anywhere, but many persons—I am one of them—think it is more fun than any other kind of travel. The very fact that you have to work so hard to get to a place makes it seem very wonderful when you do get there; and then the mountains are always very beautiful!

There are no railroads in the most beautiful mountain districts of Japan, and so people travel there on the good sturdy legs of human beings. If the traveler has sturdy legs himself, and wants to use them, he walks. If not, he hires someone else's legs to walk for him; that is, he hires men to carry him in a chair.

The old Japanese chair for mountain-travel was a very uncomfortable affair. It consisted of a round, flat basket, with a little rim, which was hung by wires or small ropes to a pole. Two men carried the pole across their shoulders, and the passenger sat in the basket between them, with his feet folded up under him.



Left: A chair for foreign travelers in the mountains. Right: The passenger must be limber to ride in a Kago.

But even the Japanese were cramped in these baskets, and the foreigners couldn't stand them at all; so you don't see many of them nowadays. The chairs they use now are the usual bearer-chairs of the Orient, much like an ordinary Western chair strapped to two poles, and carried on the shoulders of four coolies. The coolies all step together in time, with quick short steps; and when you ride in one of these chairs, you feel as though you were riding on the back of a horse, which is

trotting so easily and so gently that the ride is quite comfortable.

You can hardly imagine, unless you have ridden in one of these chairs, how fast and steadily the coolies can go. They can keep up their sort of jog-trot for hours on end, over such rough trails and up such steep inclines that you can't understand how they can keep in step. Every little while they stop, the head coolie calls out something, and they all shift the heavy pole from one shoulder to the other. During the shifting, it feels to the passenger a little as though the horse were bucking.

Sometimes, of course, especially in the lower parts of the mountains, there are roads. Then it is possible to travel even more comfortably, in a "rickshaw." But one kurumaya isn't enough to pull you up the steep hills, or to hold you back when you are going down, and so every traveler has an extra man or more to help. These extra men run beside the regular kurumaya, pulling on a rope hitched to the shafts. Sometimes one "rickshaw" will use as many as four men altogether.

There are many such mountain-roads in Japan. They wind up the valleys, past little leaping waterfalls, past the faces of rocky cliffs, or over the crests of hills, where the fresh wind blows suddenly in your face, and where the countryside spreads out before you



At every pleasing point of view, travelers find a bench—and tea served by a smiling girl or woman.

like a picture-book. There are roads, too, that go through rocky tunnels and hang above the sides of rushing mountain-streams. If you have not made a trip or two along these mountain roads you have not really seen Japan; for the Japanese are a mountain people, and if you do not know their mountains, you do not know them.



FROM COCOON TO KIMONO

Have you ever seen a silkworm spinning its cocoon? If you have not seen one, you do not know how comical a worm can be! The fat gray caterpillar climbs up a bit of straw, when he feels that the time has come to spin, and hangs by his tail. Then he twists his head about, spinning the tiny shimmering thread, in loops and "figure eights," and looking at the same time so pompously serious and so funny and wriggley that everyone who sees him for the first time has to laugh. But little by little, with all the wriggling and turnings, the gray worm makes for himself an egg-shaped house, which any fairy would be proud to live in. He spins it from the outside in, and for a while you can watch him as he works. But as the walls grow thicker he seems farther and farther away, still turning and spinning, till finally the walls grow so thick that you can no longer see him at all. At last he lies still for his long sleep.

Before he gets to the spinning stage the silkworm is a terrible nuisance to bring up, in fact he requires almost as much work and care as a tiny baby. He is so greedy that he eats every single minute of the six weeks he is alive, without ever stopping to sleep at all; he is so fussy that he will eat only mulberry leaves. Just





The great textile mills which were entirely destroyed by the earthquake. The snow-covered summit of Fuji-San is seen in the distance.

before he makes his cocoon, when he is biggest, it is necessary for someone to get up two or three times every night to feed him! It isn't for his own sake that people are so kind to him, for just as soon as the cocoon is finished, they bake it till the worm inside is killed, so that he won't bore his way out of the cocoon and spoil the pretty silk. Then they put the cocoons into warm water and reel off the gossamer-like thread of which his house is made. Out of this thread the shining silk is woven.

The Japanese have been raising silkworms and weaving silk since about 300 years after Christ. Before that time only the Chinese knew the secret of the lovely fabric, and they guarded this secret so jealously that no one else could

discover it. The Japanese finally kidnapped four Chinese girls from a silk-weaving town and from them learned how it was done. Now the little country of Japan supplies the world with far more silk than the whole great land of China.

In olden times all the weaving of silk was done on hand looms in the cottages and homes of the country people. Now only a part of it is done this way, for new Japan has many great factories, where whirring machine looms turn out silk in large quantities. But even now in many places you can see hedges of mulberry trees around the fields, and hear the whir and clack of the hand looms from the open doors of simple cottages.

Kyoto, the ancient capital, is the center of the silk industry of Japan, and it is here, in a suburb called Nishijin, that the most beautiful of the silks are woven. Nishijin has many machine looms, but it has also thousands of hand looms, for the more rich and complicated patterns, the brocaded silk for the obi with its gold and silver threads and the lovely tapestry silk, cannot be done by machine. So complicated are the patterns of some of these fabrics that the most skilled worker cannot weave more than a half a yard in a day on the clacking hand looms.

In one of the pictures you can see a Japanese woman in Kyoto weaving one of these pieces of



Weaving fine brocade in Kyoto. The pattern hangs from the upper part of the loom.

fine brocade. The strips of cardboard with little holes in them, which look something like a pianola record and hang from the side of the loom, make up the pattern. The little lady has tied up the sleeves of her kimono with a string, so they will not be in her way as her skilful hands fly back and forth.

The process of making silk, from the hatching of the tiny black eggs of the silkworm to the tying of the last thread on the looms, is a long and painstaking one. What fabric is so fascinating, so shimmering and beautiful, so soft and yet so firm, as pure silk? The hatcheries and looms of Japan today give pleasure to countless thousands in every part of the world.



Nature herself furnishes frames for many views of Fuji.

MOUNT FUJI

THE PICTURE-BOOK MOUNTAIN THAT IS REAL

Surely everyone has seen pictures of Mount Fuji. There are probably more pictures of it than any other mountain in the world. The one showing its white cone, hanging above a belt of shifting mist, and looking "like a fan upside down," as the Japanese say, is on almost every article that has ever come out

of Japan. It is on fans and pottery, on paintings and picture post cards, even on games and toys.

This is quite natural, for Mount Fuji is one of the most beautiful sights in the world; and every Japanese, child or grown person, loves it as though it were a personal friend. But what is curious about Fuji is that when you really see it, it still looks like a picture-book mountain. It still looks as if some more-than-human painter, with brushes as big as forests, had painted it on the sky. It looks too white and regular to be true. Even when you are quite close under it, at its base, so that it fills a whole side of the sky, it still does not seem real. Only when you have begun to climb it, and your feet are actually crunching the lava and cinders of its upper trails, can you quite believe that you have not somehow by mistake walked into a picture-book, as Alice walked into Looking-Glass-Land.

The reason for this is that Mount Fuji is a volcano, and that it rises abruptly out of a plain, with only a low belt of foothills and forests about its knees. More than two hundred years have passed since the last eruption; but steam still comes out from certain spots near the top, while the yawning crater, now filled with snow, still shows where the fires once ate

out the heart of the mountain. This crater is almost perfectly round, so that it is different in shape from most craters. While the volcano is forming, usually the force of the explosion blows out the sides unevenly, so that the perfect cone shape is spoiled; but Fuji has only one little spur of lava to mar its perfect symmetry, and that is on the side where it is joined to the range of volcanoes going northward through Japan. It is the roundness that makes Fuji seem to be not a real volcanic mountain. Its crater is too nearly perfect.

There is a Japanese legend which says that, in the year 300 B.C., this mountain rose out of the plain in a single night, and that on the same night, the ground in another part of Japan sank, making a bed for the beautiful Lake Biwa. This story is probably not exactly true, but there is no doubt volcanic mountains are usually formed very quickly.

The people of Japan love Fuji more, I think, than we love any of our mountains. The mountain is so high, and the islands are so small that it can be seen over a great part of the countryside. In the morning when the little maidservants, in their bright-colored sashes, come to open the wooden shutters, and roll away the side of the house, they say to one another, or to their mistress: "Honorable Fuji is smiling this morning," or "Honorable

Fuji hides his face." They love the moon, too, in just this same personal way and always refer to her as the "Honorable Lady Moon." It is very quaint and charming to hear them say quite simply, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, "Honorable Lady Moon is silver tonight on the august mountain."

But it is not always possible to see this picture-book mountain. Indeed, this dear friend of the Japanese seems to take pleasure in hiding his face behind floating veils of mist and rain. In the middle of the winter, one can sometimes see quite clearly, his whole height, which is 12,365 feet—an altitude easy to remember because there is a thousand feet for each month and one foot for each day of the year—but, at any other season, even on bright days when the snowy crown hangs glittering against the soft blue of the sky, the lower part is always hidden by swirling clouds; sometimes for whole weeks together, one can not get even a peep at his honorable head.

There is hardly a view of Fuji that has not been observed and named by the Japanese. "Mirror-Fuji," for instance, means the reflection of the mountain in Lake Hakone. And "Left-handed Fuji" is the name given to the only place on the Tokaido, the famous old road that leads from Tokyo to Kyoto, where the peak appears on the left-hand side of the

road. A very famous old print maker of Japan—Hokusai his name was—used to scramble about the foothills and the roads taking notes of these views. Afterwards he made a very beautiful series of prints, called the “Thirty-Six Views of Fuji,” several of which you will be sure to see some day.

A delightful walk leads around the base of the mountain. It takes from five days to a week to make this jaunt, which is one of the most pleasant imaginable, especially when the weather is fine. It is then that Fuji seems like a great jewel in the sky, turning first one perfect face and then another towards you as you circle about it. This walk will lead you through tiny farming villages, perched on the foothills, where the slopes are so steep that all the rice fields—“paddy fields” they are called—are terraced like steps. It also goes over steep passes, where queer little tea houses offer you tea and oranges and bottled cider; and again, it goes over shining little volcanic lakes, in whose mirror-like waters the face of the mountain is reflected.

Usually this delightful little journey ends with a boat trip down the swift Fuji River, in a long narrow boat, which threads its way among the rapids, guided by boatmen, who, with long poles and much shouting and straining, push the boat's nose into the channel just when you



In making the delightful trip around Fuji, you cross several very pretty lakes.

feel sure you are going to be dashed to pieces on a jagged rock. The trip is very exciting, and I advise you to take it if you ever have the chance.

But there is one thing still more exciting to do, and that is to climb the mountain itself. "If you do not climb Fuji once, you are a fool; but if you climb it twice, you are also a fool," is a common Japanese saying. So during the short summer season, when the snow is gone from the slopes, the Japanese flock up the long trails, sometimes ten thousand of them in a single day. They each wear the white of the



Fuji pilgrims with straw raincoats, hats and sandals.

pilgrim, and they look like an endless procession of white ants as they climb up the dark lava-strewn flanks of the "Honorable Mountain."

It is a long climb, but not a dangerous nor a particularly steep one. If you should ever read an account of climbing Fuji by Lafcadio Hearn, that gifted writer who so loved Japan that he married a Japanese wife, and became a Japanese subject, you would get the impression that it is a great feat indeed. But the real Alpine climbers who are used to climbing the snow peaks of Europe and Asia consider the climbing of Fuji a very simple feat. You

can ride up the greater part of the way on horses; the Boy Scouts of Japan go up it by troops; and sometimes a woman will climb it with a child strapped to her back, or a man will carry his venerable grandmother up the long way!

The five trails by which one can climb are divided into Ten Stages; and, at the end of each stage is a hut, where one can get refreshments, and usually lodging for the night. On the way up, the pilgrims stop at each one of these ten stations at least long enough to drink tea and to have burned in their wooden staffs the mark of that particular station. If they like, they can also, for a few cents have a red stamp put on their white clothes, as proof that they have really climbed so far. The huts at the upper stages of the mountain are built of stone, and are squat and solid; for tremendous storms rage there in winter, and the snowdrifts are very deep.

The way up leads at first through gentle slopes covered with forests. Later it emerges out of the sea of mist on to the "burnt fields," as the lava stretches near the top are called; and finally it comes from under the weather-beaten torii, or sacred Shinto gateway, at the end of the tenth stage, to the shrine of the goddess of the mountain, the Princess-Who-Makes-the-Blossoms-of-the-Trees-to-Flower.

From here the view is very wonderful, stretching on every side over the ring of shining lakes that circle the base of the mountain, and, to the east, the wide expanse of the Pacific ocean; while far below are the clouds, moving and changing like the waves of a sea, only far more slowly, and gleaming like white silk in the sun.

There are many stories of adventure told of Fuji,—stories of danger and heroism, and sometimes of death; but perhaps the most beautiful of all, and the one that stays longest in the memory, is this:

Some years ago, after Japan had been opened to the Western world, and the people had learned to value our Western knowledge, they found that their scientific records were very incomplete. Old Japan had many beautiful things in its age-old civilization, but science was not one of them. The people set about to remedy this defect; and having made up their minds to understand what science had accomplished in the West, the Japanese became very good scientists indeed. One of the best-known doctors in the world today, a doctor whose tests are used in every big hospital in the United States, is a Japanese. But the story is not about him, but about a young scientist of an earlier day.

This young scientist, before he became famous, had spent his days in learning about the



earth and conditions of the weather. He had learned about storms, and what caused them, about earthquakes and when and why they came. He had even learned about the distant stars, which look very much larger and brighter from the top of a high mountain than they do from the ground.

One day he read that the government was calling for a volunteer to spend the winter on the top of Fuji-San, in a little hut, for the purpose of taking observations of all these things he had been studying. But the government knew that whoever did this would never come down alive; for the storms on the mountain were so terrible, and the cold so intense, that no one could live through the winter without more fuel and food and comforts than could be got to the top in the short open season of summer. The strongest coolie, climbing for two days, could carry up only a few sticks of wood, which would burn out in a few minutes; and the little hut they could build, would not shelter many provisions, even if these could be got to the top. Nowadays, probably, these difficulties could be overcome; but at that time it did not seem possible; so the government called for a volunteer, a man who would be willing to give his life for the cause of science.

The young scientist heard the call. He was married, but he had no children; and as he

felt that this would be the greatest good that he could do for his country and for the world, he decided to give up his life to accomplish it. The Japanese have the quality of self-sacrifice very strongly in their hearts, and many are the stories of men and women who have given their lives for some great cause. This young man then talked the matter over with his wife; and she, whose heart was as strong as his, agreed with him that this would be the greatest thing he could do with his life. Furthermore, she offered to go up with him, and to die with him.

So the two went to the government and offered themselves for the task, and they were accepted. Then throughout the short summer, coolies carried up fuel and provisions, built a strong hut, and did what they could to make it comfortable there, so that the two should live as long as possible; for the longer they lived, the more they would accomplish in completing the records. And all through the summer, the young couple studied furiously, so as to learn just how they could best make these precious records.

When the late autumn came, and they dared wait no longer for fear a storm would come and block the way, they said goodbye to their parents and friends, and to all the dear world they would never see again, except from



There is now a good motor road half way around Fuji.

a great distance and through the freezing air. Then they climbed up and away out of sight, into the white wastes; and the winter settled down with its great snows and covered them.

This was before the days of wireless, even before there were any telephones in Japan, so the government and their loved ones below had no news of them, only a great silence and the shadow of death. But in the spring, as early as men could fight their way upward through the melting snows, a party went to the little hut, perched so high among the storms; and there, frozen in death, they found the bodies of this heroic pair.

From the writings they had left, it was disclosed that they had survived through the winter, until the very early spring, when warmth was coming again into the valleys,—though on the top of Fuji-San, winter still lingered. It was then that the young wife had died of cold and hunger; but the young man had gone on, working and learning, and writing down what he had learned for the good of the world and his beloved Japan, until at last the brush with which he wrote had dropped from his numb fingers, and he, too, had died.

But the precious records he had kept through the long months were saved and brought down to the valleys; and today they are still among the most valued records of the Japanese government, not only because of their scientific value, but because of the courage and heroism that made them possible.

So the next time you see one of those pictures of Mount Fuji on a fan or a piece of pottery, you will understand better why the Japanese people love their picture-book mountain so much; and why their poets have sung songs about it, and their painters have painted it. You will understand, too, why the white peak of the “Honorable Mountain” is the sign and symbol to the Japanese of all that is best and most beautiful in the life and the hearts of this faraway land.

LIVING IN A DOLL HOUSE

Can you imagine a doll's house grown big enough for you to live in, but that still feels like a doll's house? That's the way a Japanese house feels to a foreigner who first steps into one. It doesn't feel firm and solid and shut-in like our houses, but light and fragile and open. You would almost think the wind could blow it away! At first there seems to be something unnatural about it.

After you have lived in one for a while, and you find that the wind does not blow it away, and that life goes on very comfortably and cosily in it, you begin to like it; and after a still longer while, you may even begin to think, as I did, that our own houses are very dark, that the air isn't very good in them, and that they are terribly cluttered up with a lot of quite unnecessary objects that are really only dust collectors.

You see, a Japanese house is really like a doll house in this way, that one whole side of it, and sometimes more, is quite open, without any wall at all. Only no stranger can look in from the outside, as you look at the dolls, because the open sides are always toward the garden, which is closed in by a high fence so nobody can get in. The side toward the street is quite solid and

the windows are of paper through which passers-by cannot see. Besides, the garden wall goes around the front, too.

Around the outside of the living-rooms, which are always at the back, facing the garden, runs a narrow porch which at night is turned into a corridor, for at night the little maidservant comes and puts up thick wooden shutters clear around the porch, so that the open space is all closed in, almost as tight as our own houses. In the morning she slides the shutters away



This shows how the servant puts the shutters away in the morning when she opens up the house—she slides them in grooves, swings them around the corner and stows them in the cabinet beyond.



A new inn fitted with latest style Japanese doors and windows. The upper balcony—closed as at night—has doors at this end of lattice-work and glass. The lower balcony is open—as in the day time—revealing shoji with paper in the upper section and glass in the lower. One cannot look out of an old-style house when shut for the night.

again into a closet at one end of the porch. Then, after the people have dressed, and the room is in order, she slides aside the paper shoji, or screen walls, of the room itself, leaving it as open as the doll house. That is really healthier than our way, don't you think? The air in the house is just as good as the air in the garden all day long.

When you first step inside a Japanese house, — in your stocking feet, of course, for you have left your dirty street shoes outside — you have

a feeling that the people must be just moving out, and that the furniture is already gone, and that the partitions have been knocked out, for you can see the whole inside of the house, except the servants' quarters and the bath, as if it were a big empty box. There is no furniture to be seen anywhere, you can't see any separate rooms at all. There is no dining-room with table and chairs, no bedrooms with beds and bureaus, no living-room, nothing that looks familiar. All that you can see is a big open space, with a few things around the outside walls, and one or two screens. It is, of course, as light as it is outdoors.

If you look more closely, though, you can see



Sliding screens—used to partition off a room. The decorations shown here are very costly and unusual.

that there are many grooves in the floor and the ceiling, and screens that slide in them. These screens are really like thin partitions, made of heavy paper on a light wooden framework. If you need a room to yourself, which the Japanese very seldom do except at night, you just sit down on a cushion anywhere at all and in a twinkling the maidservant pulls out the screens and makes a little room around where you are sitting. It's very queer the first time it happens to you, but it is really very sensible. The only trouble is that the screen partitions are so thin that you can hear perfectly well what is said on the other side of them. I think that must be one reason why it is considered very impolite to talk loud in Japan. The Japanese speak so very softly that it is often hard to hear what they are saying even when they are speaking to you.

Although the sliding partitions are a surprise to the foreigner, he can get used to them pretty quickly. What is much harder to manage is the fact that there is no furniture. We are so used to beds, chairs, dining-tables, bureaus, bookcases, and other things that we can hardly imagine life without them. Yet I assure you that they are not a bit necessary. The Japanese get on beautifully without a single one of them.

You see, they use the floor. We in the West

don't use the floor for anything at all, except to walk on. As we keep our street shoes on in the house, we don't feel that the floor is very clean; but the Japanese floor is always as clean as our table tops. It is made up of a number of straw mats, about two inches thick, each bound around with tape, and all the same size, about three by six feet. When the Japanese want to tell how large a room is they say, "a room of eight mats." They sit and eat and sleep on this matted floor.

They sit on this floor on a flat cushion, instead of sitting in chairs, that is, they first kneel down, and then drop backward on their own heels. Until you get used to this position, which takes a long time, you will find it very uncomfortable. It is really not a very healthy way to sit, because it stops the blood from circulating properly in your legs. As the children sit in this way, too, it prevents their legs from growing properly. That is one reason why the Japanese people are so short. The government of Japan knows this and has made a law that every child in school must sit at a desk as we do. In the twenty years or so since this law has been obeyed the average height of the students in the universities has increased two inches. But at home they still sit on the floor.

They sleep on the floor, too, instead of in beds. Every evening the "nesan" or "older sister," as they call the little servant maid,

takes from a cupboard in the wall a number of small flat mattresses much like our quilts or "comforters" and spreads them on the floor. A foreigner can have five or six of these mattresses, piled one on top of the other for a bed, so it is really very soft and comfortable; but the Japanese are content with two at most. On top of these mattresses go the bedclothes and the funny pillows. The man's pillow is shaped like a cylinder and is stuffed with bran. The woman's pillow is quite different in shape. It has a wooden box-like base on which is a small stuffed cylinder that just fits the neck, and thus keeps the elaborately dressed hair from touching the floor and becoming disarranged.



The woman's pillow is stuffed with bran and mounted on a wooden base.



Mosquito nets are like big gauze tents that nearly fill the room.

In summer time, because there are lots of mosquitoes in Japan, a big canopy of netting is suspended from the corners of the room, forming a transparent tent under which all can sleep secure from the attacks of the "skeeters."

In the morning the mattresses are rolled up and put back into the cupboard—and all signs of a bedroom disappear. Into these wall cupboards, too, go the things that we keep in our bureaus. They really don't need any bedroom furniture at all, though sometimes they use a chest of drawers called a "tansu."

As for dining-rooms, they haven't any such thing. When it comes time to eat, everyone sits down on the floor wherever he happens to be, and the food is brought to him on little trays with legs. After the meals these trays disappear, too. Because the Japanese don't need any separate dining-rooms or bedrooms, they don't need any separate living-rooms, for the whole house becomes one big living-room, or parlor, or whatever you wish to call it.

I have said that the Japanese have no furniture. Perhaps I should have said that they have so little that you scarcely notice it. They have



A well-furnished hotel room. Note the writing table, cushion, and elbow rest for the writer. Also, the wall-closet, partly open, showing bedding folded away for the day.

a low table, about a foot high, on which they write, and occasionally they have a sort of little stand on which to put small things that they need constantly. They have an arrangement, something like our footstool, on which they lean their elbow while sitting down. In one of the pictures you can see these things. You may say that in the picture this corner looks quite full of furniture, but remember that those few things are probably all there are on that floor of the house. The door of the wall cupboard is open in this picture to show you the mattresses folded up for the day.

The older Japanese houses of the upper class have one room that is separated from the rest of the house. It is very small, and is always the same size in every house, "four mats and a half." This is the "ceremonial tea" room. In this room is held the curious tea ceremony, which has come down from feudal days. This is almost a religious ceremony, of Buddhist origin, and the room where it is held is never used for ordinary purposes. In it no one is allowed to speak of anything unpleasant or worldly, of quarrels for instance, or of money, or of unhappiness. It is treated rather as we treat a church. New Japan is forgetting the tea ceremony, as it is forgetting so many of the beautiful old customs, and there are fewer and fewer of these little rooms built today.



A tokonoma in the home of an art-loving millionaire in Tokyo.

Every house still has, however, one very charming thing which has also come down from the old days. This is a little recess in the wall called the tokonoma. It is not exactly like anything else that I can think of, but it is something like an altar, an altar to beauty. In this recess are shown, but only two or three at a time, all the various beautiful things that the family possesses. The first two or three

are left there only a short while; then they are carefully put away and something else is brought out. Usually there are three things at once, a painting or a piece of beautiful writing which hangs on the wall, a little statue or a carving or curio, and a vase with a flower or a blossoming branch or a little pine tree or some other bit of living nature. These things are arranged to suit the season of the year, or some event in the life of the family, or the taste of a guest who is expected.

Because these things are changed so often no one has time to grow tired of them, or to stop seeing them, as we often do with something that is always in the same place, no matter how beautiful it may be. I often wish our Western houses had something like the tokonoma.

You see that a Japanese house, even if it is like a doll house grown big, is after all a perfectly livable place, with everything that anyone really needs, for either his body or his heart.

After all, perhaps human beings are not so very different from those dolls called marionettes which are moved about by strings. Perhaps some giant as much bigger and wiser than we, as we are bigger and wiser than the marionettes, looks in at our own windows and says, "How strange that they could live that way!" Who knows?



Schoolgirls wearing their dark school skirts. Some have shoes and stockings but most grip their geta with bare toes.

CHILDREN OF JAPAN

You know those funny, flat dolls that come from Japan, the ones with the queer, smooth faces, the bright-red dresses, and the little round bits of black hair on the back of their heads? They are supposed to look like Japanese babies. In a way they do, about as much as our own dolls with enormous eyes, tiny mouths, and long curls look like our own babies. Perhaps they look the way the little Japanese girls

wish the babies might look, just as we might wish our babies looked more like dolls.

But if you should expect Japanese babies to be really like those dolls, you would be making a mistake. The clothes they wear and the way their hair is cut is truly like the dolls, but the babies themselves are the chubbiest, most roly-poly little sprites imaginable. When you look at such a doll you feel as if you could never get acquainted with it, for it has such an odd look; but the babies themselves are just as natural and human as our own, and you wouldn't feel a bit embarrassed with them.

Rudyard Kipling, the English poet, once called Japan "the Land of Little Children, where the Babies are the Kings." When you have been there, I think you will agree with him. There seem to be more children, and happier children in Japan, than anywhere else in the world! Really, I can't understand it, but I am sure I have seen two or three times as many children as I have ever seen grown-ups there. Don't ask me how that is possible, when every child turns into a grown-up at last, because I don't know any more about it than you do. All I know about it is that there seem to be as many babies and children as there are raindrops — and that is saying a great deal.

They say that Japanese babies never cry. But I can't quite believe that, can you? They





Japanese kiddies. The little fellow on the right has a doll strapped to his back, so that when someday he has a baby brother to take care of he will know how to carry him.

father, of course, carry the baby carefully, and take care not to jolt it; but sister will often play at battledore and shuttlecock or even at hopscotch with baby on her back. You should see how its poor little head snaps back and forth, till you think its neck would surely break. As for big brother, he even plays baseball with this queer pack on his back! Yet the little ones are so used to it that they will sleep placidly through it all.

Children of five and six will often run about with a baby half as big as themselves straddled on their backs, and it isn't so easy to manage! They have to know just how to balance themselves, and how to lean over without both of them falling on their noses. They must know, too, how to give that funny bucking hitch by which they hoist up the baby when it slips down too far on their backs. In order to teach them these things, the parents strap a doll to the child's back and let the child carry the doll before trying to carry a real baby.

The first event of real importance in the life of such a chubby little rider-of-backs comes when the baby is a month old. On that day he is taken to the temple to be presented to the particular god or patron-saint of his family or his town. The whole family goes with him, and it is quite a gala day. They give offerings at the temple, and humbly ask for a blessing on the little newcomer. After that the baby is taken to the houses of relatives and friends, and formally introduced. The friends give him presents of funny papier-maché good-luck dogs, drums, and other things.

In the life of every day, baby's bath is of course one of the chief events, for everybody in Japan takes a bath every day, and sometimes even more than one. Babies there love their baths, and laugh and gurgle and splash just as



Bath time. In the good old summertime the street makes a fine bathroom for the rising generation.

they do everywhere else in the world. In the picture above you can see two little youngsters bathing in a tub in the street. They look rather surprised at the strange white man photographing them.

As soon as the babies can talk, mother and grandmother — there seems always to be a grandmother in every house — tell them the quaint fairy stories and folklore tales of old Japan. They tell of Little Peachling, the fairy child who was found floating down a river in

an enormous peach; of Fishsave, who rode on a dolphin across the sea from China; or of the Parsley Queen. Sometimes in the evenings, after the wooden shutters of the houses have been put up, father will tell them tales of ancient heroes and deeds of valor and self-sacrifice.

When they are six years of age comes the great day when the children first go to school. Twenty-five years ago a schoolroom in Japan was much like a room in a Japanese home, and the children sat on the floor; but now, since the government has discovered that sitting on the floor is bad for growing legs, every child has a desk just as children do in our schools.

In the first years the boys and girls go to school together and are taught much the same things; but as they grow older they are separated. The girls are taught feminine things, like sewing, arranging flowers, painting, music, writing poetry, etc. The boys are given a higher education not very much different from ours, with mathematics, history, and other studies. They are taught English, too, for every educated Japanese nowadays knows some English. English pronunciation is very difficult for them, and sometimes when the little ones are reciting their English lesson, you wouldn't have the slightest idea what they were talking about!

Education in Japan is a difficult problem.

Before the Westerners came, the Japanese had a whole system of education of their own, founded on the Chinese system. This took as many years to learn as our system does. Then came the West with all these new ideas, which the Japanese also wished to learn; but there aren't enough years in childhood and youth to learn two whole systems, each of which takes all one's time, and so they have to compromise, and do the best they can. They learn some Western things and some Chinese things. The danger is, of course, that they won't really understand either of these two systems. The Japanese are very clever at adapting things to their own use, quite the most clever people in the world in this respect, so they will manage it somehow, I am sure.

When the children are not in school, they find plenty of things to do; and outside of school the two systems of education are a great advantage, because there are two separate sets of games to play, the old games and the new Western games! You can read about these games in another place in this book.

Taking it all in all, a child finds it very pleasant to be born in Japan; and if the babies are not exactly kings, as the poet says, at least they are very important persons indeed. I for one wouldn't blame them if they never wanted to grow up at all.



A very simple and tasteful wall of bamboo surrounds this Japanese house. The path leads to the main entrance.

BAMBOO—A FRIEND INDEED

The people of Japan, rich and poor, old and young alike, have one friend that never deserts them. It is a quiet sort of friend, and one that makes very little trouble. Yet it is powerful, too, and it does the people so much service that half the space in this book would be needed to tell all about it. The name of this friend is Bamboo.

We in America do not half appreciate bamboo. We have all seen furniture made of it, and a few other things; but most of us have never seen it growing and hardly know what it is really like. Do you know that although bamboo grows to be as tall as a tree, and almost as big around, —so big that groves of it are like thick forests — it is really a sort of gigantic grass? We have a jointed marsh grass that grows in damp places in the United States which is not unlike a baby bamboo. It is fun to pull the joints of this marsh grass apart; but bamboo, unlike this grass, never stays little more than a day or so, for it is one of the fastest growing plants. Indeed some varieties of it grow a foot in a single day. As it first comes up through the ground, the sharp heads of it remind one of the spearheads in the old story of the armed men that sprang from the dragon's teeth that Jason planted; and they are almost as hard as these spearheads, and will grow right up through nearly anything that gets in their way. When the stalks are old, the fibre of the outside tube is as tough as hard wood.

The Japanese people use bamboo for everything one can possibly think of, and for a great many other things besides. Indeed it will be easier to begin by telling what they do *not* use it for; so I will say at once that they do not dress in it. At least I have never heard of a



Just a few of the things they make of bamboo: brooms, baskets, boxes, ladles and chopsticks.

bamboo kimono, though they do make the frames for their umbrellas and for their straw hats of it, and even an odd headdress, which is worn by a certain kind of pilgrim; and so, although they do not use bamboo for dresses, they use it for almost everything else.

In the first place, they eat it. When the shoots are very young, certain varieties of bamboo are cut up, cooked, and eaten. It hasn't very much taste, nor very much nourishment either, but it is on nearly every Japanese table.

You would find it rather like eating soft pieces of wood pulp. Sometimes bamboo is pickled in vinegar, or candied with sugar.

Other, harder varieties, when the stalks are about as big around as your finger, are used for pipestems, — pipes such as the “bath boy” is smoking in one of the pictures — or they are used for decorating the insides of houses, or for making toys, or for a dozen other things. When the stalks are a little larger, they are used for the legs of the low tables, which are almost the only articles of furniture the Japanese use. Again, they serve as the staffs the pilgrims carry up Mount Fuji. When they are still larger, an inch or two inches in thickness, they are used for the poles which the coolies carry on their shoulders, and from which their loads are slung. Fences are made of them, corduroy bridges, and other things; or, again, they are cut into long strips and tied together into curtains, or woven into mats or baskets. The largest stalks are used for building houses, bridges, and other things, much in the same way as we use logs of wood.

Sometimes a single joint of bamboo is used as a bottle, by cutting above and below the joining places, and boring a hole through one end of it. Saké, the Japanese wine, used to be nearly always kept in such bottles, though now glass bottles are used as a rule; but at the coronation

of the Emperor, the "ceremonial saké" was stored in the old-fashioned bamboo bottles, this saké having been made from rice especially planted by young girls and reaped by young men. The very largest joints are made into cups and vases, or even pails. Beautiful carvings are made from the larger stalks also. "Left-handed Jingoro," the most famous wood-carver of Japan, left some bamboo things that were beautifully carved.

These are only a few of the things for which the Japanese use bamboo. Another thing they make is paper from the pulpy insides. They also make water pipes, hairpins, chopsticks, the ribs of fans — the list is much too long to include here all the things that are made of it. You can understand why the Japanese raise so much bamboo, and why they think so much of it.

There is one last reason why the Japanese love bamboo, and it is a very important one from their point of view. It is because bamboo is very beautiful to look at when it is growing. Many bamboo groves have roads and walks in them, which must be constantly kept clear, or in a month these roads would first become indistinct and then would entirely disappear. This is because the young stalks keep coming up through the ground so fast that they would quickly cover the paths, were they not cut down. The Japanese love these groves and walk



A bamboo-bordered pathway near Kyoto.

in their cool shade. The sun can hardly pierce through the smooth, close-growing stalks; while high above the heads of these stalks the feathery leaves flutter in the breeze, light green, almost gold, in the sunlight. When the wind blows, the stalks bend and rub together, making a great rushing sound.

It is no wonder, is it, that the Japanese people consider bamboo their friend? I wish that we in America appreciated this plant a little more, so that it might be a better friend to us, also.

HOW THEY DRESS IN JAPAN

We who live in the United States are very apt to form our impressions of a foreign country that we have never visited, by the things we have seen that came from there. This is quite natural, and the impressions we get in this way are often not far from right; but it is not always quite safe to judge foreign countries in this way.

You must not think, for instance, that everything "Japanese" that you see in America is what the Japanese people themselves use in Japan; for they are very clever business men, and they have discovered just what we should like to have them send us; so they manufacture many things for us which they would not think of using themselves. A Japanese friend of mine once said to me, after visiting the United States, "I have seen many Japanese things in America that I have never seen in Japan in all my life!"

This is especially true of clothes. Those bright-colored cotton kimonos, embroidered down the back with flower-patterns, which you can buy almost anywhere in America are among the things that are manufactured for us. If a Japanese woman should walk

down the street in Tokyo with one of those kimonos on, and her hair stuck full of paper fans on sticks, it would seem just as funny to the Japanese as it would to us; and even funnier, I imagine, because we should think she was going to a masquerade, and they would think she was crazy.

Those kimonos are something, though not exactly, like the garments Japanese women wear under their regular kimono. They are, too, something like certain summer kimonos that the geisha wear when it is hot. The geisha are very special people who dress differently from the rest of the women. You can read about them in another part of this book. Those paper fans on sticks are also geisha ornaments, but even the geisha wear them only to amuse themselves at certain festivals, much as we wear paper caps. But if a woman were to wear these things on the street, she would look to a Japanese as a woman would look to us, dressed only in her lingerie with a paper cap on her head.

The outer kimonos, now worn in Japan by both men and women, are dark in color — darker, in fact, than many of the clothes we wear here. It is only in summer, when it is really hot, that the women wear any lighter colors; but these dark colors are always very rich, for the Japanese have a



very beautiful and subtle color sense. If we examine these dark goods carefully, we shall often find fine gold or bronze threads running through them, and also, almost hidden, a little pattern in them to keep the color from being too dead. even though it is very dark indeed.

Everyone, even the peasant, wears his or her family crest on the sleeve of his best kimono and of his formal overcoat, much as the knights of the Round Table used to wear their device on their shields. These crests are called "mon," and are in the form of a small round spot, about the size of a silver dollar, on each sleeve, about where a sergeant wears his stripes. They are not usually embroidered, but dyed in the goods. Inside the white spot is the crest, which is usually a flower, or a conventional symbol. The imperial family's "~~mon~~" is a sixteen petaled chrysanthemum. The most famous "~~mon~~" in Japan, aside from the Emperor's, is that of the great family of Shoguns, the Tokugawa family. This is three chestnut leaves, evenly placed in the circle. You can see this design on many of the more expensive things that come from Japan, although you would probably not recognize that they really are chestnut leaves. A Prince Tokugawa was one of the chief delegates of the



Japanese commission at the Disarmament Conference in Washington in 1921.

The laborers, who do not wear their family crest, wear coats that tell what sort of work they do. The coats are usually dark blue cotton, with the name or symbol of the work written on them in white, either in characters or in pictures. For instance a man who sells rice cakes has a picture on the back of his coat of the mortar and the pestle with which the rice is pounded, and the bath boy at the hotel has a different design with a sprawling character below it. The peasants wear very simple clothes. You can read about them in another chapter.

With their dark kimonos, the Japanese men wear a dark, and rather narrow belt; but the women, especially the young women and the little serving-maids, wear lovely, bright, splashy belts, called "obi," several yards long, and much gayer than anything we wear here. These "obi" have big striking patterns and when worn on the street, make the women look like butterflies. So gay is their appearance that there seems to be a carnival every day. All the really Japanese clothes are made of either silk or cotton. Wool is used only for the suits of men who wish to wear clothes like ours. There are more and more of these suits made every



year, and I should not be surprised if all the men in Japan would soon be wearing American clothes; but I do not believe that the women will ever give up the kimono.

There is no real Japanese hat. The only hats they seem to have used before the Europeans came, were head coverings of straw and cane, like little roofs, such as the coolies and the farmers still wear to protect them from the rain or the bright sun. The reason for this lies in the elaborate hair dress which both men and women used to wear, and which the women still wear. Just as you can tell from the "mon" to what family a person belongs, so you can tell by the way a woman dresses her hair whether she is young or old, married, unmarried, or a bride.

These hairdresses are very wonderful to us. Each one of them has a number of things that go with it, pins and combs and little pieces of bright cloth. Few women can dress their own hair. It is much too complicated a job. About twice a week the hairdresser comes and there is a great to-do. The hair is combed and stiffened with something that seems a good deal like slippery elm. Then it is arranged so carefully that not one single hair is out of place. And because it is such a job, and takes so much time, the women



take good care of it. You have already seen a Japanese pillow. It is really only a prop covered with paper, and the poor things sleep with one of these pillows tucked under their necks and the hairdress sticking out into the air is all safe and unruffled. The French have a proverb, "One must suffer to be beautiful;" the Japanese women certainly suffer for the sake of their hair.

Of course, no hat would fit on anything so elaborate as these hairdresses, so the Japanese women carry parasols instead. These used to be made of bamboo and oiled paper, but nowadays they are usually like our own parasols, of light-colored silk. Men sometimes, though more rarely, carry umbrellas, too, instead of wearing hats. When the foreigners came, and the Japanese men saw that the European men had short hair, off came their own hairdress. They usually wear their hair cut quite short now, and sticking up in a sort of brush, for Japanese hair is stiffer than ours and it doesn't lie down so well. I read a Japanese novel once, translated into English, in which the author in describing the hero said, "His head with its short hair, was as round and rough as a chestnut burr." In another place, he says, "His head was as round and black as

the head of a caterpillar." That is not exactly what our books say about their heroes, is it? On the street, Japanese men now wear our sort of hats, either caps or straw hats, and occasionally derbies.

One of the most curious things to us in the costume of the Japanese is his footgear. Their ideas about footwear are quite different from ours. We don't like to have our feet hurt by the roughnesses of the ground, so we take leather, cut it to fit our feet, and call it a shoe. The Japanese don't like roughness any better than we do. So they take a small piece of



This careful youngster carries his high geta and wears his flat straw sandals while climbing a long flight of stone steps.

floor, a flat piece of wood, grip it by means of two thongs attached to it which pass between their great toe and their middle toe, and walk off, carrying the floor with them! They call it a shoe, too,—“geta” is their word for it—and the “shoes” work quite as well as ours. Indeed, once you are used to them, their shoes are much more comfortable than ours; and as an American once said, “The Japanese make some use of their great toe, which is more than we do!”

As a “geta” is only a flat piece of wood, with two smaller pieces set crosswise underneath to keep it from touching the ground, it will fit one person almost as well as another; but even if it doesn't fit exactly, it can still be worn by anyone. I have seen a tiny Japanese child, not more than two or three years old, clattering about quite happily in its father's shoes, which were like two platforms under its fat little feet; and when its mother lifted it up, it gripped ever so tightly with wee brown toes, so that the shoes didn't fall off at all, as you would expect them to do. For very wet weather, and there is a great deal of wet weather in Japan, these “geta” are made with cross strips underneath, so high that they are almost like stilts. One can

walk with them through the deepest mud without wetting one's feet. For dry weather and city streets they make another, more dressy kind, of fine straw, or even silk, with a rubber bottom. In the country the peasants wear a sort of sandal made of rough straw; but all these shoes are made on the same principle; they all carry a bit of flooring around with them.

Their stockings, when they wear any,—though frequently they do not—are made like our mittens, with a special place for the great toe. They are only about as high as our baseball shoes, and above them, one can get a glimpse of bare brown legs, of which nobody in Japan is at all ashamed.

The children's feet have an especially comfortable time in Japan, because the children wear stockings only on very grand occasions indeed. Ordinarily they never think of wearing them. On the street they wear small bright-colored "geta," which are usually red with bright pictures on them. In the house nobody in Japan ever wears any shoes at all; so the children go barefoot. The Japanese think it is very careless indeed of us to wear into the house the same shoes that are worn on the street and that collect all its dirt; so they slip their shoes off at the door as they come in. You



Left: On rainy days high geta are worn to keep the feet up out of the mud. Right: Footwear and umbrellas left at the entrance while visitors are indoors.

can always see outside the door of any Japanese house or temple or shop of the better sort, a row of shoes belonging to the people inside. As a consequence, the floors are kept as clean as our table tops.

The children haven't any exclusive style of dressing as we have at home. Their clothes are brighter in color than those of their parents, and of course smaller; but otherwise they are made in much the same way. The boys' clothes are usually black and white, or dark blue and white, and the girls' of brighter colors with big bold patterns in red or blue or green.

As to pockets, the girls have the better of the boys in Japan, which is just the

opposite of our way; for the girls' sleeves are longer and wider than the boys'; and, as they are sewed up the sides, each sleeve is like a very good-sized bag, in which the girls carry all manner of things. The boys are obliged to stuff whatever they have to carry into the front of their kimonos.

One mistake foreigners are very apt to make, is in thinking that the style of clothes never changes in Japan. They know, of course, that people wear warmer clothes there in winter than in summer, but they imagine that a Japanese woman wears the same heavy clothes each winter. The reason they make this mistake is because the styles change in such small details that foreigners do not even notice them. The shape of the kimono sleeves changes often, not much, but enough to be very important to the wearer. So do the patterns in the little neckcloths, the clasps for the belt strings, and other things. In fact, the styles for women in Japan change about as much as the styles for men change here. If you were to tell a Japanese woman that you had heard that styles never changed in Japan, she would smile at your mistake, for women the world over are sisters when it comes to dress; and what woman wants to wear the same dress all her life?

SHOPPING MANNERS

Now that the Japanese have become such energetic business men and send so many things to America, you can find a Japanese shop or two in almost every city here at home. In one of these shops you can see pottery, silk, incense, toys, and a dozen other things all mixed together, till the place looks like a curiosity shop. As a matter of fact it is a curiosity shop, where the canny Japanese sell us what they think we will buy. Some of the things, of course, especially the more expensive ones, are really Japanese, and might be found in any home in Nippon; but many of them are cheap gimcracks which they manufacture especially for us. You would be making a mistake to imagine that the shops in Japan are like these.

In Japan the shops are divided up much as the smaller stores at home are divided, that is, some sell silk and dry goods, some sell toys, some sell pottery, etc. Some shops, too, sell only Western goods, just as the Japanese shops here sell only Japanese goods. The Japanese are so clever at copying new things that by now they themselves make many of the things they used to get from us. These Westernized stores are, of course, not interesting to foreigners like us, but some of the truly Japanese shops are so



fascinating that it is sometimes hard not to spend more money in them than one can afford.

Everything is arranged so delightfully! Look for instance at the picture of the grocery store in a small town which is in the center of the apple district. Who could resist buying fruit that looks so appetizing, put up in such delightful baskets, or hanging in nets, or in little crate-like affairs of woven bamboo strips? Even our old friend, the apple, somehow tastes better when it looks so charming.

And the toyshops! Even a person who feels very grown-up indeed would better not go into the toyshops of Kyoto unless he has hours to spend and money to spare. I wonder how the Japanese children ever manage to get out of them at all! If they were not so well behaved I dare say they never would.

Do you remember Billiken, the funny little "good luck god," whose toes we used to tickle a few years ago? The Japanese have dozens and dozens of little "gods of good luck" or "gods of happiness" something like him. They sit in rows in the toy shops, smiling so cheerily that the whole shop seems filled with good nature. There are old men with huge foreheads, and funny foxes with pricking ears, and queer pug dogs, and plump wrestlers, and horses with arched necks, and the most enchanting growly tigers, and lots of others. I know one American



woman who has children of her own — she is surely grown-up enough — who fell so in love with one of the growly tigers that she carried it all the way from Kyoto to Chicago in her hand, because it was too fragile to pack in her trunk. She didn't bring it for her children, either; she brought it for herself, because every one feels like a child in the toyshops of Kyoto.

Fascinating, too, in another way, are the silk shops, where they sell the silks they wear themselves, not the flimsy stuff they send us in such quantities. These silks are heavy, often heavier than our own silks. Some of them are dark and rich for making kimonos, and some are gay and splashy, with big patterns and bright colors, and gold and silver threads woven through them. These are used in making the women's belts or "obi."

Foreigners, too, love the pottery shops, where they find the "blue and white" dishes, and the dainty cups as thin as egg shells, and the gold-incrusted Satsuma ware. Even the cheapest dishes, which are used every day by the poor people, are never ugly, but have always the charm of simplicity and good taste. There are ever and ever so many other sorts of shops, so many that you must see them yourselves to appreciate them.

One sort they have taken over from us, and it seems somehow out of place in Japan. This

is the department store. Before the great earthquake there were several in Tokyo, one especially that was almost exactly like our biggest stores in America, but that one was destroyed. However, there are others left. The only important difference is that the shelves and counters and drawers are filled with Japanese goods, instead of being filled with our own. They have elevators and floorwalkers and even interpreters, all quite in order. Yet even here a little of old Japan creeps in, for you are not allowed to wear your shoes into the store! You must take them off at the door and check them; and when you finally go out the exit, which is on the other side of the store from the entrance, you find that while you were inside someone has whisked your shoes around to the opposite side of the store and that they are waiting for you as you step out.

Before you go shopping in any of these Japanese stores, let me tell you an old rule of politeness that every well-bred Japanese person follows, even today. It may seem strange to us, but it is this: never put money directly into the hand of anyone who is waiting on you; lay it down on the counter and let him pick it up. You see, old Japan always felt that money was a very sordid and disagreeable thing, which was necessary of course, but which should never be mentioned or noticed if it could be helped. For

this reason the merchant class, which dealt with money, was counted a very low class of society; so even now polite people, if they must give or receive money, always cover it up. They never even pay their servants by just handing them the money. They always put the money into a gift envelope, a pretty little envelope with a picture of a plum blossom, or a pine tree, or some other pleasant thing, printed on it in gay colors. Then everybody can pretend that it is not money at all.

When Western ideas first came to Japan, some funny things happened because of this. The first street cars, for instance, made lots of embarrassing times for everybody, because there is no place on a crowded street car where one can lay the fare down, without appearing to notice it, which would be the polite way. The conductor used to appear in the doorway, when it came time to collect the fares, and make many deep and apologetic bows to the "honorable passengers." Then he would explain that in these modern times it was unfortunately necessary to adopt less polite manners, that he regretted the matter exceedingly, but he was obliged to ask the exalted patrons to so far forget themselves as to give him the money. Everybody was embarrassed all around.

Now, of course, all that is changed. Whenever it cannot be helped, the Japanese give and

take money, and think nothing of it; but when it can be helped they always avoid it. If a well-bred Japanese woman goes into a shop and buys a roll of silk, when it comes time to pay, this is what happens: The lady takes the money out of her purse, which she keeps tucked into her obi, and lays the money on the counter, all the time pretending not to notice what she is doing. Then the shopkeeper looks sidewise at it to see whether the amount is correct. He also pretends not to notice it; but, if change must be made, he takes the money and lays the change back on the counter. Finally the lady picks up the change, still not appearing to see it; so the sordid money has been passed, but nobody is embarrassed.

All this delicacy about passing money seems odd to us, but if you stop to think about it, we feel a little bit the same way in America, though not so strongly of course; for if a well-bred American man and woman go to dinner at a restaurant together, the guest tries ever so hard not to notice what is going on when the host pays the bill and tips the waiter. That is really the same thing, isn't it? The more you think about all the differences between one country and another, the more you are likely to find that human beings are pretty much the same the world over. That is a comforting thought!

THE THREE SIGHTS

The love of nature, which is so strong a part of the Japanese character, has led, among other things, to a very charming custom, — that of collecting views, much as we in America collect kodak pictures of things that interest us. The Japanese, however, keep these views in their head instead of in a book. Of course, in America, many persons go sight-seeing annually, visiting the Grand Canyon, Niagara Falls, Yellowstone Park and other places of interest. In Japan, however, everybody goes “viewing;” and, if a man is too poor to go far away to see the great sights, he goes to see the little ones nearby; for every city has beautiful sights to look at, even if it is only a blossoming cherry tree in spring, or a maple tree against an autumn sunset; and everyone in the town goes to see them.

If a Japanese can afford to travel, he goes from time to time to visit the greater sights, and he does not consider his education complete till he has seen a goodly number of them. There are many of these celebrated scenes in Japan, and there is usually a proper time to go to see them, as well as a proper place from which to view them.



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Sometimes, it is only in the spring that they can be seen, as when the cherry trees are in bloom, or when the hills are covered with azalias. Again, it is in the autumn, when the maples are aflame with red and gold. Other scenes are best viewed at sunset; others again when the moon is full. So general is this custom of sight-seeing that it is a common custom for the Japanese to go "viewing" either singly or in groups at any hour of the day or night.

The most famous views are water scenes. The favorite views even of Mount Fuji show its snowy cone reflected in a lake or across a bay, or behind a waterfall. Rocks figure largely in the scenes that delight the Japanese, especially rocks of a queer or twisted shape. There are many such twisted rocks due to the volcanic formation of the island.

Of all the beauties of nature in Japan, it would be very hard to decide which ones are the most beautiful. The people of every nation have picked out certain places that they think most beautiful, though different nations admire different kinds of scenery. You know how that is. One person will like one view best, and another person will prefer another view. Nations are just like individuals in this respect; and the Japanese have certain famous sights, that they



think beautiful, though perhaps if we lived in their country, we should pick out different ones.

After the views of Mount Fuji, the "Three Sights" are the most famous in Japan. These three sights are the sacred island of Miyajima in the Inland Sea, the Pine Islands off the Pacific coast, called in Japanese, "Matsushima," and the peninsula of Ama-no-hashidate on the west coast of the main island.

The sacred island of Miyajima is a place of pilgrimage, not only because of its beauty, but



The world-famous Torii that rises from the water of the Inland Sea before the great shrine of Miyajima, the Sacred Island.



because of the Shinto temple which stands on its shore. This temple is built on a series of piers or platforms, which extend out into the shallow water of the bay, so that at high tide it seems to float on the waters. Before the temple is the most famous torii, or sacred arch, in all Japan, so old that no one knows when it was built. The pillars of this torii are made of logs, almost as large as California redwood trees, and for centuries the tide has ebbed and flowed between them. The picture of this weather-beaten torii, rising from the water is to be found in Japanese art almost as often as Mount Fuji itself.

This little island is considered so very sacred that no one is allowed either to be born or to die there. I should think, shouldn't you, that this would make it rather difficult for the people who live in the village? because it's hard to tell at what moment a person will die; but they manage somehow. No dogs are allowed on the island either; so it must be quite a paradise for cats!

The Pine Islands, or Matsushima, in north-eastern Japan, beautify a spacious bay near the city of Sendai. There are eight hundred of them, of all shapes and sizes, and each one has a crown of twisted pine trees. These islands are of volcanic rock, and in some of them, the tide has eaten out queer caves and arches,

which are always dear to the Japanese heart. The Pine Islands are hard to reach, and not very many foreigners go there, but everyone who sees them loves them.

The third famous sight is the peninsula of Ama-no-hashidate, on the west coast. You see, all these views are water-views. No view is really complete to the Japanese unless it be diversified by still or running water. This



The famous view at Ama-no-hashidate should be viewed this way, upside down.

one at Ama-no-hashidate is a view of a pine grove on a sand-bar two miles long and two hundred feet wide. The name means "Heaven's Bridge," and the legend tells that it was upon this bridge that the god Izanagi stood when he shook his spear so that the drops of water which fell from it spread out, and grew solid, and became the islands of Japan.

In Japan, as I think I told you once before, there is a proper time and a proper way to look at every view; and this one, in order to be correctly seen, should be viewed upside down; that is, the person looking at it should bend over and look between his own legs, as the people are doing in the picture. It is a very uncomfortable way to look at it, but the bridge, if you look at it this way, does really seem to span the sky.

These are the famous "Three Sights," and you will find that if you know what things seem to them especially beautiful, it will help you to understand the Japanese people.

Another famous sight of Japan, which contains both water and rocks, is the sacred Shinto shrine, the "Wedded Rocks," at Futami-ga-Ura, on the Bay of Ise. These two rocks possess a great fascination for the Japanese, and are best viewed at sunrise, when the disk of the sun appears across the water, between the rocks.



The Wedded Rocks at Futami, bound together by an enormous sacred Shinto rope.

The larger of the two rocks is crowned with a pure white Torii, the sacred gateway of Shinto; and the wedded pair is bound together with another symbol, the rope of straw called "Shime-nawa." This rope is to be found in every Shinto shrine in every Shinto household, and is supposed to keep all evil away and particularly to ward off pestilence.



Small craft in the famous harbor of Nagasaki.

THE HUMAN ANTS AT NAGASAKI

Have you ever watched a swarm of ants building an ant hill—a real big ant hill three or four feet high such as they have in certain places in the United States? If you have, then you know how each ant

carries a single grain of earth or sand, puts it on the heap, and then runs away for more; and how these ants keep going and coming until they have built a mound so high that it is like a real mountain to them.

There is a seaport in Japan, called Nagasaki, where human beings do just such ant-like labor, and to see them working is one of the most curious and picturesque sights you may ever hope to see. Only these human ants are not building a mountain of earth to live in, but a mountain of coal to carry great ships across the Pacific Ocean.

If you have ever seen an ocean liner, and have watched the black smoke coming from its funnels, then you can guess how much coal it must burn in going twice across the Pacific, from San Francisco to China and back. The great hole down in the ship, where the coal is kept, is such a black and yawning pit that you can hardly imagine how it can ever be filled; and yet filled it must be for every round trip with coal, which must come from somewhere. It would never do to buy much coal in America, for it is so very expensive here that the ships could not afford to buy it; so they stop at Nagasaki in Japan, and take on as much coal as the coal bunkers can possibly hold.

As soon as a great liner steams into the

beautiful harbor of Nagasaki, hundreds of little barges and lighters, each loaded with coal and swarming with human beings, put out to meet it. Before the big ship has really stopped, these small boats are jostling and bumping against it, the boats scraping and the boatmen shouting till you would think they had all gone mad, just as you might think that the ants were mad the first minute or two you looked at them. But you soon see that they are not in the least mad — only very quick and skilful — and that they are not losing a second; for almost before you can realize it, they have built up a sort of scaffolding against the ship, made up of a series of little platforms. These platforms hang one below the other, from the holes in the ship where the coal is to be stowed, down to within a couple of feet of the coal-barges. The lower platforms are propped out by long poles so that they hang away from the ship, forming a flight of high steps. On each step two persons take their places; sometimes two men; sometimes a man and a woman; sometimes a woman and a child. That is just as it happens to be.

Then the real work begins. Down below on the barges, the coal is loaded by still other workers into small baskets, each



less than two feet in diameter and only about a foot deep. When you first see these baskets, you cannot believe that such tiny things can possibly fill the yawning pit in the ship's insides. It seems like trying to fill a big water tank by means of a thimble; but that is because you forget about the ants.

The end man on the barge throws, or passes, the basket up to the person standing just above him on the first step. This person catches it and passes it on up so quickly and so skilfully that the basket hardly jerks at all, but seems to float upward by itself, spinning a little as it rises. And how fast it goes! In a few seconds, it has reached the top man, who empties the coal out into the pit, and throws the basket down to a waiting barge where it goes back to be re-filled. Two baskets go up at once on each scaffold, and the stream is so swift and endless that in a very short time the barge at the bottom is empty. Then it pulls away, and another barge takes its place. As there is a long row of these scaffoldings, extending along the sides of the ship, there are dozens of baskets whirling through space at the same instant. In this way the mountain of coal is shifted into the pit; and, though it is hard to believe even when you see it,

that these busy workers can fill the largest ship in a day, the fact remains that the feat is accomplished, and in an incredibly short time.

The workers who do this belong to the lowest class, — the coolie class as it is called, though the Japanese themselves do not like this word "coolie." In spite of their skill and patience, they are paid only a few cents a day. They all, the men and women alike, dress in a sort of coat with long sleeves like ours, for the flapping sleeves of the kimono would be constantly in the way. Around their heads they wear a white towel — with a design in blue — to keep the coal-dust from their hair. Sometimes the mothers bring their quite tiny babies along, and lay them on the pile of coal in the barge, where they seem to be as contented as anywhere else.

The workers must grow very tired, passing up the endless number of baskets for six or eight hours at a stretch; but they seem just as cheerful when they are through as when they first began. And when the last barge is empty, the scaffolds disappear as quickly as they went up, and the human ants scatter and are gone. The black pit does not yawn any more, however, and the ship is again ready for its long battle with the hurrying waves of the Pacific.

PATIENT PEASANTS

In almost every country in the world the farmer is a very important person, for without the grains, vegetables, fruits, and animals he raises, how could the people of the country eat? Yet in the world of society every country does not recognize this fact. In America, for instance, the merchant who takes what the farmer raises and sells it, is only too often thought more important than the farmer, because he makes more money. In Japan the people think otherwise.

In the old Japanese social order, of which I have spoken elsewhere in this book, the farmer stood very high. Above him were only the Samurai, or military class, and the artizans. All the merchants, manufacturers, and other commercial people, were below him, so that the poorest farmer was considered of higher standing in the community than the richest merchant of his day. Today this is changing a little, but the farmer is still of great importance, for Japan is an agricultural country.

The Japanese peasant is a very self-respecting and hard-working person. You will sometimes hear it said that the Japanese merchant is not so honest as our merchants here at home, but you will never hear that of the Japanese peasant. He works hard and steadily, and he does not



get much return for his labor, for the numerous mountains of Japan make agriculture difficult. Besides, many of the fields are pitifully small and must be terraced on the steep sides of the mountains in order to keep the soil and the crops from being washed away. Under these conditions the patient peasant strives to raise the last possible stalk and the last possible grain from his pitiful little plot of land, by methods so intensive that they make an American farmer think of farming under a microscope.

The greatest crop in the country is rice; yet the farmers consider rice a great delicacy and ~~seldom eat it themselves~~. They sell it to the cities and to foreign countries, and they who raise it are satisfied with rye, barley, bamboo, and sweet potatoes. They also eat a large and rather bitter radish which we do not have here.

One thing about Japanese farmers seems odd to a foreigner. They keep no animals, for the Buddhist faith forbids them to eat meat of any kind. ~~The friendly sheep, pigs, and goats, and even the cows,~~ are absent, for the Japanese make very little use of milk. A certain number of chickens are kept, but only the eggs are eaten, unless the farmer is a follower of Shinto, in which case he eats the chickens also. Instead of meat they eat fish; so you would find it very quiet on a Japanese farm.



While picking tea a mother knows just where her baby is!

In Japan the women work side by side with the men, sharing the hard labor; and they work in the rice fields, they carry heavy loads, they help haul the produce to market, and they stand in the little stalls on market day selling their wares. They are as self-respecting as the men; for, although the Japanese women are seldom given a higher education and although they are always obedient to the men, yet they are never abused and they share the responsibility as they share the work.

with our uncomfortable leather shoes and our funny hats, well, who can blame him?

To anyone brought up in America, especially in the Middle West or in the South, and accustomed to the great stretches of cultivated ground,—the fields of waving grain that stretch as far as the eye can reach, with mile on mile of cotton and fruit—to such a one the rural districts of Japan are like the fields of toyland. The cultivated fields are very small. They are like the little squares of a checker-board, or more often, like the pieces of a picture-puzzle, except, of course, that each piece is an acre or two in extent.

The mountains of Japan are like the camel that pushed its way into the Arab's tent, and that took up so much space with its great shoulders and long flanks that no room was left for the occupants. So with Japan, its islands are so small, and its mountains take up so much space that there is little ground left for tillage. Only one-eighth of the ground can be cultivated. In consequence, the average farm in Japan is only about three acres.

Even these fields are often on the lower slopes of the mountains. A flat field of any size whatsoever is a great rarity. The lower slopes of the hills are terraced for rice fields, or are sowed in barley or wheat. In some places, especially near Kyoto, tea is raised in the valleys.



Since their farms are so small, the peasants cannot live by agriculture alone, and so they are obliged to help themselves out with handicrafts of various sorts. The weaving of silk is one of these handicrafts. The making of the many articles of bamboo or straw is another. The mountains have this advantage, that, in exchange for the fields they have taken away, they give the forests with which they are clothed. Many things are made of wood in Japan which we make of other materials. Japan knows the value of her forests and takes the greatest pains that they shall not be destroyed as have been the forests of China.

The inhabitants of the little villages that cling to the hillsides, or nestle in the valleys, make their livelihood often from the forests that surround them. They manufacture chopsticks, or they make those charming little inlaid wooden boxes we all know. They cut wood for the manufacture of paper. Perhaps they draw the sap from the lacquer tree, to make the beautiful lacquer for which Japan is famous. By the way, they say that the word by which we call the country, Japan, came from one of their own words for lacquer. It certainly did not come from their own name for the country, which is Nippon.

Though rural Japan seems to us like a bit of toyland, yet it has this great thing in its favor:



Shoji village where everybody works at making chopsticks and toothpicks.

it is nearly always beautiful. It would be hard to find an unattractive spot in all the countryside, though some of the cities and manufacturing towns are ugly enough. Even the houses of the peasants are beautiful in their way, with their sloping thatched roofs that seem to grow from the ground. It is to this beauty of the countryside that Japan owes much of her national character.





The famous Silver Pavilion of Kyoto with the "Mound for viewing the moon."

MANNERS—A FINE ART

Manners in Japan are a fine art. In the West we do the best we can to get along with other people, and to make life as pleasant as possible for them; after that we don't worry much about our manners. But in Japan—the Japan of tradition—manners are the center of education. A Japanese of the old school would be more likely to forget to put on his clothes in the morning than to forget his manners, because

clothes are outside things, and manners are inside.

Even the very language that they speak, changes according to manners, and does so in a fashion most alarming to a poor foreigner trying to learn it. For instance, a simple word like "daughter" has four or five forms, separate words that, while meaning the same thing, must be used differently: one, very humble, one more polite, one very polite indeed, and one — for the emperor's daughter — so polite that the common people have probably never heard it; and everybody uses two or three of these words in ordinary conversation. Even our little friend the verb "to be" changes its form if one is talking about oneself or about somebody else present.

For instance, if I were to say in Japanese the two sentences "Your daughter is eating her dinner" and "My daughter is eating her dinner," almost every word would be different. In speaking to a Japanese about his daughter, I should say, "Your honorable lady daughter is condescending to consume her honorable dinner;" but about my daughter I should say, "My insignificant little brat is gobbling her food." This is because it is very impolite, in Japan, to say anything good not only about yourself,

but also about anyone or anything belonging to you. You will see how difficult it is to learn Japanese manners when it is necessary to change the words one uses to fit every occasion.

This method of speaking is called the system of "honorifics," or honorable words. The difference between the language that the emperor hears, which, of course, is composed of all "honorable" words, and the language that the peasants speak, which is very vulgar, is so great that if the emperor should try to talk with a peasant, the two would hardly understand each other.

Another thing about manners in Japan, which must be very hard to learn is that, no matter what happens, a Japanese must never let another person see that he is unhappy, or worried, or angry, or is having any unpleasant experience, for the reason that it would trouble the other person to know this. Even if someone he loves very dearly has just died, he must show a cheerful and smiling face to the people he meets, though he may of course weep alone in his own room. If a woman's husband or a son should go away to war, she must turn to him, when he leaves, a face as calm as a summer's day.

This self-control, which even the very little

children have to learn, is part of the old Samurai, or military, tradition, which is the foundation of all Japanese manners. If a person is self-controlled in little ways, he will be so in important matters also; so the Japanese soldiers face death and wounds with an apparent indifference that is hard for us to understand.

You have heard perhaps of hara-kiri, the old and honorable Japanese way of committing suicide. A Samurai used to do this if he thought he had committed a serious fault, even though only his own conscience accused him. The way hara-kiri is done is by plunging a dagger into the stomach, which is sure to cause death. In "The Forty-seven Ronin," the heroes of this famous story, after they had avenged the murder of their lord, sat each on a ceremonial mat in a large room, and one after another quietly, in turn, committed hara-kiri. Think of the cold courage of such a deed!

That is the more somber side of Japanese manners. Travelers like us of course do not see this side, unless by a very rare chance. What the traveler sees is the many small and gracious customs and politenesses that seem to make the daily life of everyone smooth and tranquil. Some of these customs, however, are rather disconcerting to us.



Where we would merely nod the head, the Japanese bow low like this.

For instance, it is rather embarrassing to us if we go to make a call on a Japanese friend, especially a woman friend, to have her, just as we are getting ready to shake hands, suddenly drop down on her knees, place her hands on the floor much as a frog places his fore feet, and bow her head several times on the floor, as the little lady is doing in the picture above. It is embarrassing to us because we don't know how to do this gracefully ourselves in return; and, as we are left standing while our hostess is kneeling, we are apt to feel very awkward indeed; but with the Japanese, of

course, it is the natural and polite way of greeting one another. It seems odd to us, too, that, when the little lady finally gets up, after we have both made many bows, she turns her toes in very carefully and politely; but, after all, that is really as sensible as our own way of turning our toes out, since the natural way for man to walk is to put his feet straight ahead.

The Japanese, like all orientals, are not afraid of silence. This, too, is sometimes embarrassing to Westerners, who feel that a long silence is impolite unless people know one another very well indeed. But at a Japanese dinner party the whole company will sometimes sit in complete silence for half an hour. And I have heard of a famous "moon-viewing party," given by a shogun, in which the guests assembled, looked at a poem hung on the wall, where the moonlight would fall on it, understood that this was what they had been invited to see, and then went away again without anyone's having said a single word.

These are the old manners, the ideals of the feudal days; and, for the most part, these ideals exist today. Probably nowhere else in the world is the traveler so politely treated as in Japan.

But, unfortunately, along with adopting

Western habits of thought in science, business, and the rest, Japan is learning Western manners; and the Japanese find it hard to understand what is back of all our Western customs and especially hard to understand what is back of our manners. They see that a Westerner goes into a shop, does not trouble to say "good day" to the shopkeeper, demands what he wants, takes it, and goes out without showing that he has been served by a human being, instead of a machine. Naturally enough, they conclude that Westerners do not care a fig for the feelings of anyone except themselves. It is difficult to make them see that we act this way because we have too much respect for the privacy of other people to intrude on it, in a purely business transaction.

So a few Westernized Japanese — fortunately they are very few — are copying the outside of our manners, without the inner spirit. You could hardly imagine a more unfortunate combination.

Yet in the main the old ideals of manners are holding against the flood of Western thought; and when Japan has finally digested all this strange new learning, and made an adaptation of it for her own use, I feel certain she will have kept her own charming manners.



The Shinto shrines are always of unpainted wood and much simpler in design than the Buddhist temples. Note the curious projecting end-beams and the cigar-shaped beams that weight down the roof.

THE WAY OF THE GODS

If anyone should ask you, "What is a religion?" you would have a hard time answering, shouldn't you? I know I should; but, after you had seriously thought about this question, you might find an answer something like this:

"A religion is a system of teaching that tells men four things: first, what god to worship; second, in what way to worship him;

third, how to live so that this god will be pleased; fourth, what reward will come after death to those who follow these teachings." This would be a very natural answer to make, because most of the religions of the world do teach these four things, and each one of the four seems to us to be a necessary part of the religion.

But there is a religion in Japan that teaches only two of these four things, and it is followed by many thousands of intelligent people. This religion is called Shinto, or sometimes Shintoism; and it was the original, primitive faith of the Japanese people, before Buddhism came to the country. To us of the West it seems strangely simple, and yet, at the same time, strangely difficult to understand, not only for what it says but also for what it does not say.

Perhaps it would be easier to begin with the things that Shinto does not teach.. It has ~~no heaven~~; and, beyond teaching that the ~~soul lives after death~~, it does not say what becomes of the soul. More than this, it gives its followers little or no help as to how to behave in this world. These are the things it does not teach.

The things that Shinto teaches are perhaps as hard for us to understand as the things it does not teach. Shinto is simply a

religion of the heart. The child is born Shinto. ~~Shinto~~ believes that no moral teacher is so infallible as one's own heart. Therefore, its one moral ~~commandment is~~, "Follow the impulses of your own heart," which seems to us like no commandment at all. In order to distinguish it from the "Way of the Buddha," it is called the "Way of the Gods." There is no special way to be learned and practiced. When one has learned this, he has really learned the "Way of the Gods." The gods whom it worships are eight million in number. These gods are for the most part either gods of some particular part of nature, — a mountain, a waterfall, a beautiful rock — or they are the souls of departed persons, who return to help or hurt their descendants. It is a religion of the dead to whose spirits offerings are made, offerings of food and drink, not because they need them, but to prove that they are not forgotten just as we put flowers on a grave; so Shinto is commonly called "ancestor worship." But it is not quite fair to give it this name. It would be more nearly true to say that it believes that all ~~nature is in itself divine~~ ~~even~~ man, who is a part of nature; and so it teaches that any part of nature is worthy of worship.

The Shinto temples and shrines are very



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simple and beautiful. There are more than a hundred thousand in Japan; and before each one of them stands a torii, or sacred archway, of unvarnished wood or stone or bronze. They are very beautiful, these torii. Their top beam turns upward at the ends, like arms in a beautiful gesture; and they stand in all sorts of unexpected places. Some are on high rocks or cliffs or islands, where one can see them for several miles. Again, they may be seen by the traveler, who, at a sudden turn of a woodland path, comes unexpectedly upon them, shining against dark pines. Nobody seems to know just what the meaning of these torii really is. The first of these torii was built so long ago that the real meaning seems to have been lost; but their beauty still remains. Because the same word "Tori" means bird, some persons affirm that these arches were set before the shrines that the birds might perch upon them and sing their praises to the unseen gods within the shrine.

The temples are of white, unvarnished wood, and many of them are torn down and rebuilt every twenty years. The inside of these temples is perfectly simple, and scrupulously clean; for simplicity and purity are at the very center of the faith. There are no graven images in them, no statues of

gods or men. In the innermost sanctum is a box which holds a symbol, either a sword, a mirror, or a jewel. For these three things were given, so tradition tells, by Amaterasu, the sun-goddess, to Jimmu Tenno her grandson, when he became the first emperor of Japan. So Shinto reverences the emperor as a human descendent of the sun, the great life-giving force of nature.

The ceremonies held in these temples are as simple as the shrines themselves; and the ceremonies are held very sacred. Travelers in Japan, like us, are seldom allowed to see them; so I cannot tell you much about them. The shrines contain but little, and as someone has said, "There is nothing to see and they won't let you see it."

But one ceremony we are allowed to see. This is the sacred dance performed by the little daughters of the Shinto priests. For these priests are usually men with families, and their daughters very frequently become priestesses.

These sacred dances are strange and almost unearthly to watch. They are connected with the worship of the dead, and are danced to the thin, harp-like music of the koto. The little girls, in their ceremonial robes, are as calm and self-contained as moving statues. Slowly, with an almost



A sacred Shinto dance at Miyajima.

uncanny dignity, they move and circle about the platform, gliding from one posture into another, shaking little clusters of gilded bells, or waving a fan or a green branch. In their strange, calm, little faces one can catch a glimpse of something which we shall never be able to understand, the simple faith and the great quiet of those who believe that the dead are about them as the air is about them, and that through these dances their spirits come into touch with the souls of bygone ages.

The belief in Shinto is rooted very deeply in the minds of the Japanese. It was their own first belief; and even after Buddhism had come to them and had been accepted, they still kept Shinto. The things on which Shinto says nothing make it possible for a person to believe in this religion at the same time that he believes in another, and more positive religion; so Buddhism and Shinto exist together. Indeed, for many centuries



The large straw rope—a Shinto symbol—in the kitchen of a Buddhist monastery.

they grew so closely together that it became very hard to tell just which things belonged to Shinto and which to Buddhism. In the seventeenth century, however, there was a revival of the early Shinto, and the old faith in its pure state was separated from the more elaborate teachings of Buddhism. It is now the national religion of Japan, and a number of Buddhist temples are today in charge of Shinto priests.

A Christian missionary in Japan said to me once, "We shall never be able to persuade the Japanese to give up Shinto, even if we get them to give up Buddhism and adopt Christianity. Just as Shinto slid under Buddhism and survived, so it will slide under Christianity and survive. Our converts are, and always will be, Christians and Shintoists at the same time." Perhaps this missionary was right, or perhaps this was only one man's opinion.

As for a creed, there isn't any, unless it be summed up in the phrase "I believe in Japan."

But one thing is certain, Japan would not be Japan without this curious religion of Shinto. Shinto is patriotism. Shinto is faith in the past, the present and the future of Japan, and in this sense every living Japanese professes Shintoism.



This spirited bronze image is a portrait of a celebrated boy warrior of the Tokugawa clan, grandson of the great Iyeyasu.

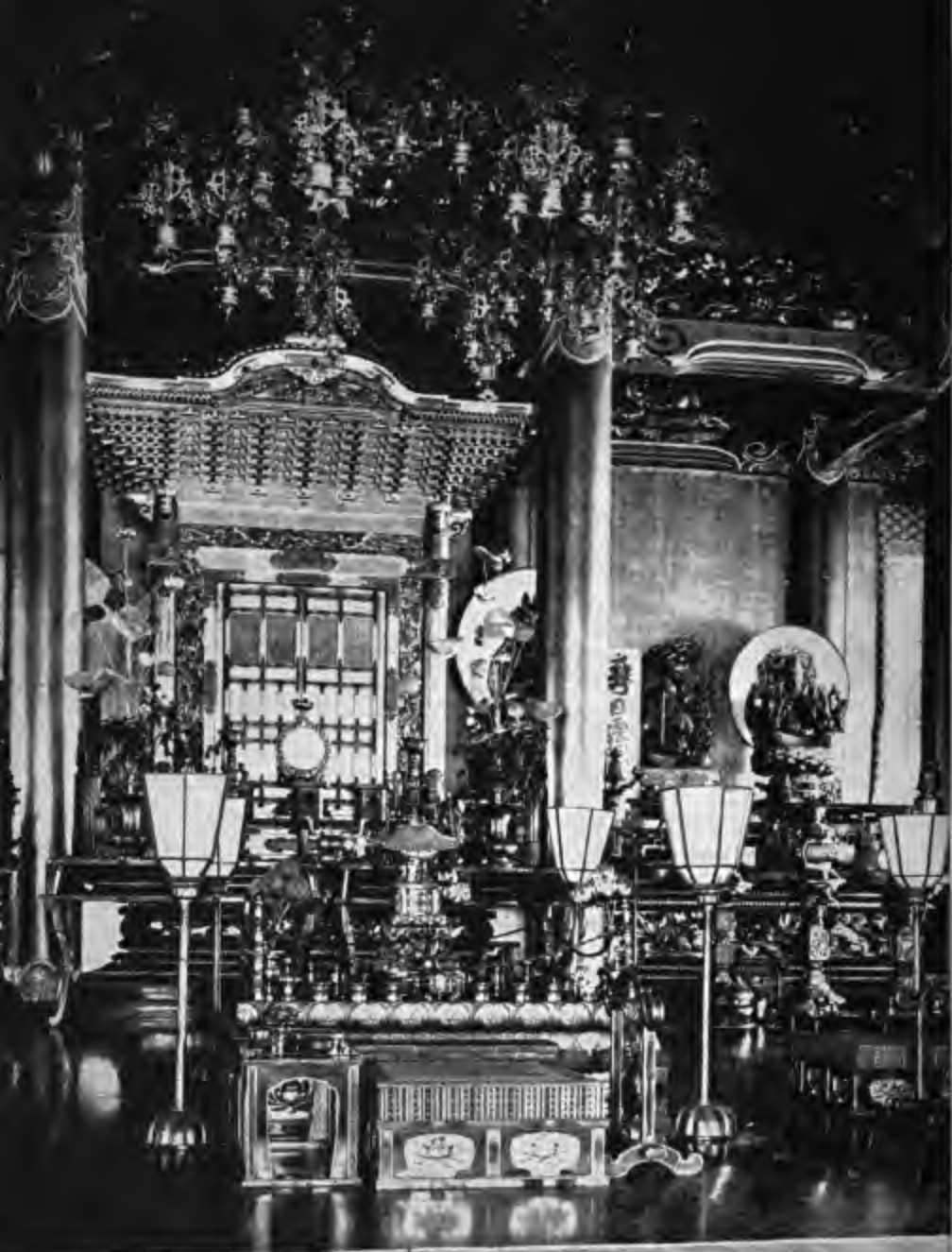
LIVING ART

When you hear the word "art," do you think right away of something hard to understand, of paintings in museums and art galleries, or statues at the institute, or pieces of music played by an orchestra, which do not mean much to you? Ever so many Americans think this way; and it is unfortunate that they do, because it means that they are misled by this

word. These things are art of course, and probably the purest forms of art, but ever so many other things can be art, too,—simple, homelike things that everyone can understand. A pottery-dish on which you serve your dinner may be a work of art, or a little box in which you keep your treasures, or a pretty piece of embroidery with which you trim your dress, or a dozen other things. I don't say these things always are works of art—unfortunately in this country they seldom are—but they may be, if they are rightly made. Someone has very aptly said, "Art is simply the *best* way of doing things."

The great genius of the Japanese people lies in the fact that they realize that art is as important in their daily life as cleanliness. Even the cooking-dishes of the poor, and the blue and white towels they use every day, are more truly artistic than many of the most expensive things in this country. The way they arrange flowers in a vase, or in their little gardens, their ceremonial way of serving tea,—these are all household arts; and they bring beauty close to the humblest home in Japan.

Some of the forms of art for which the Japanese are most famous are little things that have a practical use as well as an art value. The bronze and iron sword-guards—perhaps you've seen some of them—which



the Samurai once used on their swords to protect their hands, are often very beautiful indeed. Many of them are inlaid with gold or silver, or carved in quaint designs. The little objects, called "netsuke," that were used as a sort of hook to keep a man's tobacco-pouch from falling out of his belt, are wonderful little things, made of ivory or semi-precious stones, and carved in the most entrancing fashion. Every art museum of any size in the world now has collections of these things.

And the lacquer boxes and cabinets and shrines! It would be hard to imagine anything more beautiful than some of these. Lacquer-work is done more perfectly in Japan than anywhere else in the world, probably because of the infinite patience of the Japanese. It takes so long that most people won't bother with it. Lacquer is made from the very poisonous sap of the lacquer tree, and is spread over the wooden object to be lacquered in many coats. Each coat must be perfectly dry before the next can be applied, and it takes a long time for a single coat to dry. For some reason this sap "dries" better in damp weather. Again, each coat after drying must be rubbed down and polished before the next coat can be put on. Even the modern Japanese themselves find the making of lacquer very tedious, and so are now inclined to



A collection of lacquer-work displayed in a room of an inn.

shorten the process, with the result that the new lacquer-work is not so good as the old.

There is a story that shows better than any description of mine, the painstaking care bestowed by the old masters of lacquer on the beautiful objects they made. Once, several centuries ago, such a master made a little box for a shogun. The design was of a pair of golden curtains, nearly closed, from between which peered the face and a narrow strip of the body of one of the queer dwarflike figures they love to make. It was a beautiful object, and when the shogun died, it was carefully preserved by his heirs. Two or three centuries later, long

after the master and the shogun and everyone connected with them had died, the outer layers of the lacquer wore off the little box. It was then found that underneath these layers, the whole figure of the dwarf was as carefully lacquered as though it could all be seen. The master had done this just to satisfy his own sense of perfection and had never told anyone about it!

Pottery in Japan is also an art that has been carefully developed. From the earliest days, beautiful bowls and vases have been made; the study of them fills many books. Embroidery is another thing they do most artistically. Of the weaving of silk I have already spoken.

The Japanese, from the very earliest time, have always been great workers in metals. Not only swords and armor and trappings for war-horses, but also vases, incense burners and other things have been beautifully worked, hammered, and inlaid. Often two or three metals of different colors have been used together to make patterns.

Besides the little things worked in metal, they have made bigger things, especially of bronze, like the statue in one of these pictures of the boy Daimio, the grandson of the great warrior Iyeyasu who is buried at Nikko, or like the Great Buddha at Kamakura.



These statues we cannot see in this country, of course, except in pictures, but there is one form of Japanese art that can be found almost anywhere in America or Europe today. This is the famous Japanese print. Very likely you have seen somewhere a copy of one of these pictures with their graceful women and queer-looking men, done in swirling lines and soft colors. These prints are made from wood blocks, on which, after they are inked, a piece of paper is pressed. The Japanese name for them means "The Passing World" and the subjects are the common happenings of everyday life as it used to be lived in Japan a hundred years ago.

The great Hokusai, the Japanese painter who is best known in the West, worked almost entirely in prints. It was he who used to scramble about the base of Fuji-San, and who did the thirty-six views of his friend, the mountain. He lived to be very old, but before he died, the Europeans had come to Japan, and he learned much from their masters of painting. He used to call himself by a name that means "Old-man-in-love-with-drawing," and probably no one else has ever drawn with more skill than Hokusai. When his works were first brought to Europe, they came as a great inspiration to Western painters. Our own American art has been much influenced by him.



The Nihombashi as it was in the time of Hiroshige, the famous print maker. A daimio with his retinue is crossing the bridge.

Most of the things of which I have spoken belong to what we call the applied arts, and are in a way the smaller arts of Japan. Someone has said that the art of Japan is great in small things, and small in great things. Perhaps this is true; for all these things are essentially Japanese, whereas in many of the purer arts, the influence of China is so great that it is often hard to tell in the older things what is Chinese and what is Japanese.

You see, all Japanese culture—and with culture go the arts—came originally from China, just as all American culture came originally from Europe. Through all the

years, the Japanese changed and adapted Chinese culture to their own uses, just as we are doing with European culture in America today. Only the Japanese are farther along in this than we are. No one can tell whether a painting made today is by an American or by a European, whereas modern Japanese art is now quite different from the Chinese.

Just as Christianity was the inspiration of the old masters of Europe, so Buddhism inspired the greatest works of pure Japanese art. The beautiful temples with their gorgeous wood-carving, the many serene statues of Amida Buddha, the intricate shrines and subtle kakemono, or hanging paintings—these things are all in the spirit of the great Indian teacher. But I need not tell you much about them here, for you will find pictures of many of them in other parts of this book.

Yet, beautiful as these things are, it is still in the simpler things that the Japanese genius in art lies; in the fact that art is not for them something strange and far-off, but a living, friendly presence, which is always in their homes and in their lives. With us work and beauty are often far apart; but in Japan, the useful and the beautiful go hand in hand. If we could learn only this one thing from them, it would be a fair exchange for the many things they have learned from us.

THE HUGE WRESTLERS OF JAPAN

In Japan there are three sports that belong to what might be called "the manly art of self-defense." These three are fencing, jiu-jitsu, and wrestling. Almost every Japanese man knows something of jiu-jitsu; a good many of them can fence a little; but wrestling is a highly technical sport in which only professionals — and small boys — indulge. The champion wrestler is to Japan what the champion heavy-weight prize fighter is to America.

Japanese fencing is a sport that has come down from medieval times, just as our own fencing has; but unlike our sport, it is not at all dangerous as practised today in Japan. The weapon now used there is not made of steel; it is made of a long bamboo stick — the handle is solid but the "blade" is split. With this bamboo stick, the two fencers strike at each other. The game is one of points, and there are three places where it is permissible to strike: on the head, the ribs, and the wrists. If you look at the picture of the fencer here, you will see that these three places are all well padded; so very little harm can come to him. But it is an interesting game to watch, for the split bamboo makes a terrible crack every time a hit is scored, and the fencers leap round each other,



The modern fencer still wears the medieval mask and armor.

uttering warlike cries that match their strange costumes.

The Japanese "wrestlers" usually seen in America, on the vaudeville stage, in circuses, and in other places, are lithe, little men who send each other spinning through the air or who down one another with strange holds; but they are not the huge wrestlers, properly speaking,

of Japan. They are practicers of jiu-jitsu; and, although they seem to us to be fighting, they are as a rule merely giving exhibitions, in which one shows how a certain attack can be made, and the other shows what to do if so attacked.

For jiu-jitsu is really the art of understanding the human body, and of being able to use this understanding for self-defense. In order to practice it skilfully, one must know, as well as a doctor does, just where every nerve and muscle in the body is, and how it works. With this knowledge, the holds and parries are worked out in a scientific way. They are planned to use not so much strength as skill, and often they use the strength of the opponent against himself. This is usually true of those parries where one man throws another over his head. The man thrown is made to help throw himself; and in many of the holds, if the losing man struggles, he succeeds only in breaking his own arm or leg. A small man who really knows jiu-jitsu is quite safe from attack by a larger and much stronger one who doesn't; but many of the holds would not be considered "fair play" by our western standards of wrestling.

If you want to know more about jiu-jitsu, ask any Japanese man you may meet in America. Only "men of self-control" used to be allowed to learn it, but nowadays the chances are that anyone, from the ambassador to the gardener,

can show you a hold or two. But if you want to see the professional wrestlers, the sporting idols of Japan, you will have to go to their own country. During the San Francisco exposition there were a few here, but ordinarily they never leave home.

These men are veritable giants. One of the American poets, writing about them, has a line, " . . . a great wrestler's mountain back," and that describes them truly. How it happens that among the Japanese, who are as you know a small people, there should be such huge men, is a mystery to most foreigners. In some cases the profession goes in families, for an enormous father often has enormous sons. But more often it happens that any boy who grows to be exceptionally large is likely to become a wrestler, because of the great rewards of money. They are trained from a very early age.

In this picture you cannot tell how large the men are, but the smaller one is probably six feet and the larger one well over that. They frequently weigh 300 pounds, or even more. On their coats you will see round white spots. These contain their professional symbol, not their family crest; for the wrestlers are of a special social caste, as the actors are. They are the only men in Japan today who wear their hair long. If you look carefully, you can just see the topknot, which the other Japanese men



have long ago discarded, sticking up behind their heads.

Twice a year, in the spring and in the fall, the great wrestling matches take place in Tokyo. The building where they occur holds as many "fans" as our professional baseball parks, though it is all under cover. It is built like an arena, with the stage in the center, and seats and boxes rising from all sides. All classes of people, from the wealthiest to the poorest, go to these events, often taking their women-folks along. They get just as excited as a baseball or a ringside crowd does here, and shout and cheer as lustily as we do. The smaller towns, too, have their wrestling attractions, much as we have minor league games in baseball.

The ring itself is a small circle, under a canopy. When the wrestlers enter, they are dressed in gorgeous apron-like affairs, embroidered in bright colors and in gold. When they take these off, they stand revealed in trunks something like our prize-fighters' trunks, but much shorter and stronger, with a heavy belt, as it is quite fair to seize your opponent by these trunks and try to throw him. The wrestling bout is preceded by curious stampings and salt-throwings of symbolic origin, after which the huge men crouch opposite each other, with their knuckles on the ground. They look not unlike our runners at the start of a race.

Between these huge wrestlers, the umpire moves, uttering queer cries. He is dressed in a medieval costume, and he signals with an odd-shaped fan. Being an ordinary sized man, he always looks very small indeed contrasted with the wrestlers. In olden days, he used to wear a short sword, so that if he disgraced himself by making a wrong decision, he could at once commit suicide — the ceremonial “hara-kiri.” Can you imagine one of our baseball umpires doing that?

It always takes the wrestlers a long while to get started, and the part that interests a Japanese audience most is what you might call the “take-off.” Both men must be ready to spring at the same instant. I timed such a bout once, and it took the men thirteen minutes to get started, and only thirty-five seconds to finish after the wrestling actually began. The object of the sport is either to down your opponent inside the ring, or more frequently to make him retreat till a foot or a hand touches the ground outside, when he is out. In the course of this, they often slap each other with the open palm of the hand, making a great smacking noise.

In spite of the fact that these huge wrestlers are very fat, their flesh is extremely hard. It has been hardened by batting against posts till it is almost like steel.



Doll representing a famous hero. Displayed on Boys' Day.

THE BOYS' FESTIVAL

It is very lucky to be born a boy in Japan.

There are advantages, of course, almost anywhere, in being a boy instead of a girl, but there are many more advantages in Japan than in America. For instance, a boy's sisters, even if

older than their brother, are supposed to be obedient to him, and mind what he says, and when he grows to be a man his wishes are law to his wife! That is a distinct advantage, isn't it?

There are plenty of other reasons, too, why it is lucky to be a boy. A boy has more freedom, more sports, a better education, and all the laws in his favor. When he grows up, he and the other men govern the country just as they wish it governed, all undisturbed by the women.

If a Japanese boy finds life easier in some ways than an American boy, in other ways he finds it harder, for he is brought up even more strictly than boys were in the United States in the days of the Puritans. Like them he must learn self-control, courage, and patriotism when he is still a very little fellow indeed. He must obey his father without question. He must learn to bear physical pain without a murmur, and never to complain or show bad temper. He must be cheerful and polite always, no matter how he really feels; and he must always remember that his life belongs to his country, and that he must do what is best for Japan whether it is best for him or not. These are hard lessons to learn, but much of the greatness of this "Land of the Rising Sun" lies in the learning of them; for Japan is not all a country of pretty things, of cherry blossoms and tea

gardens and little dancing-girls, as some Westerners seem to believe. There is much sternness in Japan, much self-sacrifice, and much nobility; and not the least of her treasures is the quiet manliness of her boys.

The Japanese have a symbol of this courage. It is not a symbol that we should use in the West, perhaps, but if you think of it for a little while, you will see that it is a good symbol. It is a fish called the carp. The carp is a very hardy fish. It is not content with swimming lazily in comfortable pools, but fights its way upstream against the swiftest current, and even leaps up waterfalls. Japanese boys are taught that they also must breast the stream of life and overcome all difficulties.

On a certain day in May, the "fifth day of the fifth month," you may see this symbol flying above every home in Japan which is fortunate enough to house a son. This is the day of the "Boys' Festival," and one of these carp is hung out for every boy in the family. The fish are made of cloth or of paper, painted in brilliant colors, and they are hung from poles which are set up only for this purpose. Each fish has a wide mouth open to the breeze. The wind floats the fish out and makes it look as if it were really swimming upstream. It is a charming sight to see.

This festival is sometimes called the "Boys'



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Birthday;" but it is not exactly a birthday as we understand it, for of course all boys in Japan are not born on the same day. It amounts to much the same thing, as the boys do not celebrate at all the day they were born, but instead, all celebrate together on the fifth of May.

They do not count their age from this day, though, as we do from our birthdays. In fact, the Japanese way of counting the ages of children seems very odd to us. A baby is said to be one year old the day it is born, and two years old next New Year's Day; so that if a child is born on December 31, it is called two years old the next morning, while if it is born on January 1, it isn't called two years old for a whole year.

So the Boys' Festival has really very little to do with a birthday after all; but it is an exciting day all the same. On that day shelves are set against the wall of the main room of the house, and all sorts of fascinating toys and treasures are spread on the shelves. These treasures are put away all the rest of the year; so it is a real event to have them all brought out. Some of them are too elaborate to play with, but the children have wonderful times with the simpler ones. These toys are so carefully kept that they pass down from father to son, and also to grandson. Even the poorest families have a good number of them, and the wealthier

families have a great many. Nearly all of them are military toys. There are soldiers in the old feudal costume of the Middle Ages in Japan, with their curious armor, their swords, and their spears. There are resplendent generals and officers on horseback, and many flags and banners, for this festival is also called the "Feast of Flags."

If the family is descended from the Samurai, or military class, then the old weapons are laid



The household display of military dolls and old-style toy weapons on Boys' Day.

out also, spears, lances, and--most sacred of all--the two swords which every Samurai wore. These swords are very precious possessions and are given always to the eldest son of the house. In one of these pictures you can see these weapons among the toys. They are the symbol of Old Japan.

In this picture, too, you can see something else, which we may perhaps take as a symbol of New Japan. It is the very ugly Western carpet on the floor, where the simple straw mats ought to be. It looks odd, doesn't it, beside the stately toys? Luckily there are not many such carpets in Japanese houses even today.

On the Boys' Festival Day there are military games and pitched battles between the boys; and there is a very hot bath for each boy in water in which iris blossoms have been steeped. This is thought to make him strong. Whether it really does this I cannot say, but I do know that it makes him very uncomfortable! No good son of Japan would think of complaining, even if he were nearly parboiled, for they have learned their lesson well, these sturdy Japanese boys, even the quite little ones. Self-control, cheerfulness, courage, and a great and unselfish love of their country — these are the cornerstones of Japanese life, and each of these virtues is taught in its own special way on the happy day of the Feast of Flags.

THE WONDERFUL CITY OF KYOTO

Have you ever noticed that cities are like people, and that each one has a character and a personality all its own? No two are ever just alike, just as no two persons are just alike. Some are big, hustling cities, like strong men, working and playing and brawling. Some are quiet, gentle cities, each like a mother with her children at her knee; and some are young cities, not knowing yet what they want, like a boy just out of school, trying to decide what to do with his life.

Kyoto, the most wonderful city of Japan, is not like any of these. It is like a lady growing old, a beautiful, thoughtful lady with quiet eyes that have looked on many things that others have forgotten. She has seen the pomp and the glory of the world, emperors in golden chariots, gorgeous shoguns with retinues of clanking men-at-arms, lovely ladies like flowers in the wind, and priests with calm, far-seeing faces. These she has seen, and many more besides; and they have made her wise. Now she is a little tired, and quite content to sit in the late afternoon on a flowering terrace among the hills, listening to the bells of the temples and thinking strange, long thoughts. Such is the city of Kyoto today.



Once, and for more than a thousand years, Kyoto was the capital of Japan. In the days of its glory nearly a million people lived there. Now only half that number are left. In the old days terrible plagues raged there, and people died by thousands. Again and again the city has been devastated by fires, but always it has been rebuilt. Great armies have gone out of Kyoto to battle. The fate of millions has been decided there.

The real rulers at this time were the shoguns, who were like the feudal lords of Europe. They were richer than the emperors and far more powerful. They kept great armies of retainers, the Samurai or military class. For nearly a thousand years they ruled the land in the name of the helpless emperors.

In Kyoto today there are two palaces, one the palace of the emperors, the other the palace of the shoguns. The emperors' palace is called the Goshō. It is much like any Japanese house, simple and beautiful, only very much larger. The gardens that surround it are very large also, and very simple. Around the whole runs a high wall, and a moat. This palace still belongs to the imperial family, but is seldom occupied. But it was in this palace that the coronation ceremonies took place when Emperor Yoshihito was crowned in 1915 with the splendor of a medieval festival.

The palace of the shoguns is called the Nijo. It is not quite so large as that of the emperors, but it is very much richer. All the artists of medieval Japan in the heyday of their glory, the painters of screens, the wood-carvers, the metal-workers, were called to help with its building. It is simple also in its lines, for simplicity is the essence of Japanese taste; but it is a simplicity that covers a marvelous richness. Many persons think the Nijo the most beautiful palace in the world. Now that the power of the shoguns has been broken, this palace, like the other, belongs to the emperor.



The greatest temple of Kyoto.

But the palaces are not the only reminders of the old-time greatness of Kyoto, which was, and still remains the center of Buddhist faith in Japan. Every year devout pilgrims from all parts of the empire tread its narrow streets and bow in its famous temples. There are thousands of these temples, and they are everywhere, in the city and outside of it. One comes upon them in the center of the business district, even on Theater Street, that picturesque little Broadway of the city. Some of the temples are centuries old, with gardens old as themselves, where thousands of goldfish swim in the sacred ponds beneath the gnarled pine trees, and the hurry of the world today seems like a fevered dream. Some of the temples are quite new, the unvarnished wood of their buildings still unstained by time.

One of the largest and most imposing temples in Japan stands in the center of the city, a monument to the faith and piety of the poor people of our own day. It is called the Higashi Hongwanji, and it belongs to a sect of Buddhism which appeals especially to the common people. Unlike the temples of medieval days, which were built by princes, everything in this temple was given by the common people. Some gave money, but many also gave time and labor. Laborers cut down trees in distant forests, shaped them into beams, and sent them to the

temple. Carpenters gave strength and skill to build the great building. Other artizans gave their handiwork. But the most touching gifts of all are the great ropes with which the beams of this temple were lifted into place, for these are made of women's hair. The poor peasant women, who had nothing else to give, cut off their hair, and braided it into ropes, so that they also could have some part in building the temple.



Thousands of pious women gave their long black hair to make the many strong ropes used in building the new Hongwanji Temple. This is one of those great ropes.

There are many fascinating excursions to be made from Kyoto. Hidden away among the surrounding hills are many temples. There is a swift little river, down whose rapids one can ride in a flat-bottomed boat, which seems certain to be dashed to pieces every minute, to a beautiful, quiet valley which in the autumn is ablaze with golden and red maple leaves. There is a garden with the most famous cherry tree in Japan. There is also Lake Biwa, whose name



In the valley, below the rapids.

appears in all the folklore of Japan. The biwa is an ancient musical instrument, and the lake is so named because it is shaped like this instrument.

Lake Biwa is connected now with the city of Kyoto by a canal, which tunnels a range of foothills. The plans for the canal were drawn by a young Japanese student for an engineering competition. When the officials of the government saw them, they were so struck by the possibilities of the work that they took the student out of college, to his great amazement, and put him in charge of the execution of his plan.

The canal is not, of course, the only modern thing about the city of Kyoto. Even here New Japan has been busy widening the streets, putting in electric cars, building modern shops, and generally Westernizing this ancient city; but much of the picturesqueness still remains. If there are modern shops, there are still old ones, too, where the most enchanting objects are to be bought.

One of the delightful things to do in Kyoto is to go down to the famous "Duck River," which flows through the town, and have tea on one of the little platforms built over the river. Another is to watch the stately geisha do their curious dances. Still another —

But there are so many interesting things to do that if I tried to tell you all of them it would take



Downtown in colorful Kyoto.

the rest of this book. There is one Englishman in Kyoto who has tried to do them all before leaving. He is always planning to leave the city soon; but he has been there twenty-seven years now and while trying to get away he has bought a Japanese house and married a Japanese wife. The chances are he will not get away this year! So perhaps you and I would better go now, before we quite fall in love with the beautiful, dreaming city of Kyoto.



A Japanese kitchen—very different from the kind of kitchen that we know.

STRANGE FOOD

Foreigners like ourselves usually find that eating a Japanese dinner in the real Japanese way is more interesting than nourishing. There is a saying in the Orient that Chinese food is queer to look at, but good to eat; and that Japanese food is charming to look at, but not very good to eat. I think you would agree with that.

For one thing, the Japanese are forbidden by their religion to eat meat; so they eat fish every meal. We soon get tired of that, even when there is an occasional egg dish to vary it. For another thing, as they have no cows they do not use milk, cream, or butter, and we miss these things. Other food that we consider necessary to health is not eaten by them. Even the modern Japanese themselves feel that their food is not very well balanced, and so the government forces the soldiers, for instance, to eat meat twice a week.

For all that, a Japanese meal now and then is great fun. It is always so beautifully served! Each person's food is served separately on a lacquer tray and each dish is a pleasure to look at. The soup is put into lacquer bowls, from which one drinks it. The fish is usually fried a delightful golden brown, and each person has a crisp little one to himself. The Japanese also serve certain sorts of fish raw. It is served cold, cut into little slices, and eaten with a rather strong sauce. This is surprising to foreigners, but it is really very good. The eggs are often baked in separate dishes, with vegetables stirred into them. Tea, of course, goes with every meal, and rice, instead of bread and potatoes. The rice is brought in for everybody in a large covered lacquer tub. They have, too, cakes made of rice or of bean curds, and a great many



Dining in Japan. Note the little tables which are brought in like trays with the food pleasantly served in lacquer or porcelain bowls and dishes.

cold pickled things, radishes, lily bulbs, red beans, and other things, including bamboo, which they serve both hot and cold.

The Japanese hot dishes are a great deal like ours. But they have a sort of cold ceremonial food, used for feasts, afternoon teas, etc., which is always a mystery to foreigners. I cannot tell you much about it, because I do not really understand it myself. It is very pretty to look at, and is made into little rolls, each just large enough to pick up easily with chopsticks. These

rolls are striped and marbled with different colors, somewhat as our devil's-food cake is marbled, but they are not pastry. There are a number of different sorts of these dishes.

One specialty is a cold picnic lunch, which the Japanese take with them on trips. It can be bought at any railroad station. It is called bento and, when it is well made, is really very good indeed. There is a picture here of a Japanese gentleman buying such a lunch of a



Buying a bento, or neatly boxed railway luncheon, and a bottle of milk. The bento consists of cold boiled rice, fish, eels, pickles, sweetened beans, lotus root and radishes. Chopsticks and paper napkins are included.

vendor in a station. It comes in two little wooden boxes, one containing cold rice, and the other cold fish, pickles, lily bulbs, and beans. A fresh pair of wooden chopsticks and a paper napkin are tied on. The whole lunch costs fifteen or twenty cents.

With this they drink either bottled goods like ours—ginger ale, cider, or “pop”—or hot tea. The tea which you buy at the railroad stations comes in the cutest little pottery teapots with a rattan handle and a little cup which serves as cover for the pot. The whole thing, pot, cup, and tea, costs about five cents. In the trains you can always see rows of these little teapots on the floor among the shoes, while the people sit on their feet on the seats. The little teapot is yours if you wish to keep it.

In the houses the tea is usually made on the hibachi or charcoal stove. Every house has a number of these hibachi, made of metal or pottery, and filled three-quarters full of ashes. On top of the ashes are put the live charcoals, and the teapot is set on a little frame above them. Sometimes other food is cooked on them in the same way. In cold weather, instead of heating the whole house, each person sits down with a hibachi beside him, so that he can warm his hands as often as he likes. When it is very, very cold the Japanese sometimes put a quilt over themselves and over the stove, too,



A Japanese Hibachi—or charcoal stove on which water is heated for tea. It also serves as fireplace on cold days. To the right is a saké bottle; to the left, a rice tub and a modest dinner service.

leaving only their heads out, so that they sit in a sort of little, warm tent.

To a foreigner, eating with chopsticks is the most exciting part of a Japanese dinner. Once you get the trick, it is perfectly simple to eat with them. Chopsticks come in pairs still fastened together at one end by a bit of the wood from which they are made. As you have to split them apart to use them, you know that you are being served with a fresh pair.

HOTELS AND INNS

When a person is traveling in a foreign country, he spends much of his time, possibly the most of it, in hotels, and he is pretty apt to decide whether he likes that country or not by the way he is treated in these hotels. If you should ask a great many persons what they think of the Orient, after they have come back from a trip there, they would probably answer you something like this: "Hongkong is fine. They have a good hotel there; and I like the new Imperial Hotel in Tokyo, designed by an American, but India is wretched. There isn't a decent hotel in the whole country." Personally, I think it is a great pity that any country should be judged by its hotels, for the hotels are not really an important part of the country, but I suppose it cannot be helped. Foreigners no doubt form their impressions of America in the same way. Even when we are traveling in different parts of our own country, the transportation and hotel service make a difference in the way we feel about them. Since we are foreign travelers ourselves in Japan, let me tell you right away, before you begin to worry about it, that you can find any kind of hotel you want in Japan.

If you wish to live as you live at home, you



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can go to any of the big cities, and also many of the smaller places, and find a hotel like ours, a "foreign hotel," with beds and chairs and everything you are used to. One of the biggest and most interesting Western hotels in the world is in Tokyo. It was designed by an architect from Chicago named Frank Lloyd Wright, and during the great earthquake of 1923 it was one of the few large buildings that escaped injury. But it is Japanese only in the nationality of the proprietor and the servants. In Yokohama, too, in Kyoto, at Miyanoshita, in the mountains, on Lake Shoji, and in many other places, you will find hotels where you can be just as comfortable as you are at home. There is no use of my telling you about such hotels here, because you can guess what they are like.

If, however, you wish to try living as the people of the country do when they go on trips, you will find the native yadoya or inns, quite different from these foreign hotels. A Japanese hotel is, naturally enough, built like a Japanese house — only, of course, larger and more substantial. From the outside it looks much like the ordinary house, only there is a sign on the outside, and many persons always going and coming.

When you go into one of these Japanese hotels, you come at first into a sort of entrance hall, which reminds you a little of the



The lobby of a Japanese hotel. The office is on the right. The best rooms are at the back facing the garden.

lobby of our hotels, only nobody ever sits there except the hotel clerk or the proprietor. The part of this hotel that is really very different from one of our own doesn't begin till you get past this entrance.

It used to be that if the hotel wasn't full, you were led then into a great open space as big as a concert hall and asked to select your room. You wandered about, puzzled, because all the spots on the floor looked so much alike. After a while you made up your mind and said, "Here." Almost before you knew it the screen partitions



Several rooms in a Japanese hotel, divided by means of sliding screens, which can be removed, thus making one large room.

were pulled out — and there was your room all ready for you. Nowadays you are usually given a room as you are at home, a room all ready for you.

There is no more furniture in a hotel room than there is in a room in a Japanese house. The only difference is that there is a sort of clothes rack to hang your kimono on, because you have no proper wall-closet. Otherwise, there are only cushions, an elbow-rest, and a hibachi, or charcoal stove. It seems very queer indeed, and for a while you feel distinctly odd, and very

very tall, because you are so far above these things. When you do sit down, your legs refuse to fold in the proper Japanese fashion, and you feel very sprawly.

There is no public dining-room in a Japanese hotel. When mealtime comes, or whenever you happen to want to eat, the food is brought on trays and set before you, just as it is in the private houses. But there is a public washroom. The guest rooms have no water in them, and so everyone takes his or her towels and goes to the washing place, where rows of hand basins are waiting. This is almost the only place where you ever meet the other guests of the hotel!

Let me tell you how you must take your bath if you don't want to be called a "dirty foreigner." Before you get into the tub at all, you must soap yourself all over. Then you must take the pail of warm water they give you and rinse yourself thoroughly. After that you may step into the tub to enjoy the feeling of the hot water. The reason for all this is that there is only one tub for all the guests of the hotel, and the water is heated in it only once or twice a day; so you must have mercy on the next person and not wash yourself in the tub.

In the old days a traveler, arriving at an inn, used to give a tip to the hotel in advance. The size of this tip showed the social position of the guest, and the kind of service he expected. If

he gave a large tip, he was served elaborate meals on the best lacquer plates. If he gave a small one, he got more simple meals and service. This custom is dying out now, but it is followed sometimes even today.

When you go away from a yadoya, you are often given a souvenir of the hotel, which has advertising on it, just as the letter paper has in the hotels at home. This souvenir may be a towel, or a fan, or a cloth, something like a bandana handkerchief, to wrap things in.



Various gifts given by the hotel proprietor to guests who give generous tips. There is a fan, a square of fancy fabric in which to wrap things, and a cotton towel with a picture of Fuji on it. On the box cover is the symbol that signifies a gift.



A large guest room in a famous old inn at Nara. Note the sliding door with bronze finger-grip. A natural tree-trunk forms part of the frame of the Tokonoma in which hangs an example of beautifully written Japanese instead of a picture. This is a very large room—"twenty-six mats."

Whatever it is, it is sure to be attractive. The larger your tips, the better presents you are given.

The really nicest thing about a Japanese hotel is the service. Everyone is so anxious to serve you, and so cheerful and smiling while bringing you things, that you feel very much at home in no time, in spite of the strangeness of it all. As for the little serving-maids, they are a sheer delight! I shall tell you more about them somewhere else.



Traveling child dancers of Japan. These children portray with song and gesture the old-time legends of the country.

CHILD ACTORS OF THE MATSURI

Suppose that in this country a famous actor and actress, because they are on the stage, were considered the scum of the earth. Suppose they were made to live in a special place and not allowed to go into any respectable house or even shop, and suppose that they were always called "it," instead of "she," and "he" as though they were animals. Suppose, too, that the farm hands considered themselves much too good to have anything to do with anyone connected with the stage. Wouldn't that seem rather odd to you?

Yet that is the way actors were considered in

Old Japan; for in those days the Japanese had a hard and fast social order. That is, they had decided which of the many kinds of work were most valuable to the country, and which were least valuable; and so a man's social position and the treatment he received depended entirely upon which of these tasks he performed. Below the bottom of this social order, considered not as human beings but as animals, were two unfortunate classes of people. One class consisted of people who dealt with the bodies of dead animals, such as butchers and tanners. These people were called "eta" and were social outcasts. This was so because both Buddhism and Shinto forbid killing anything that has conscious life. Even today, when the old order is rapidly passing, a tanner, no matter how wealthy he may be, is still virtually an outcast.

The other class of social outcasts consisted of actors. What Old Japan had against the poor actors is more than I know, for the people certainly enjoyed seeing them as much as we do. Fortunately the position of the actor is improving there today; at least they are now "he" and "she" instead of "it."

Japan has many forms of drama, just as we have at home. The highest form is the "Noh Drama," the old classical plays that have come down from feudal times. These are very strange and beautiful, and many of them have

now been translated into English poetry. They are not often given now, for New Japan likes its modern drama better, the drama dealing with life as it is lived today. In addition to these two forms they have moving pictures, and the dramatic dances of the geisha. They have, too, the most enchanting puppet plays imaginable, which grown-ups love as much as the children do. In Tokyo they sometimes even have European grand opera, presented by European companies.

In the old days the actors used to wander about over the country in troupes, as the strolling players of Europe used to do, going from village to village and giving performances where they could, outdoors or in. Nowadays plays are given in regular theaters as they are here.

But one interesting group is left from the old days of wandering. These are the child actors of the Matsuri, the popular Shinto festivals. The children, in little bands of both boys and girls, accompanied, of course, by teachers and directors, travel from city to city, taking part in the Matsuri. They do stately old-time dances, and act out the ancient legends. In this way they help to keep alive the folklore of the country.

They take their work very seriously, these child actors of Japan. Dressed in the curious costumes of the old feudal days, or wearing gay



While the man chants a classic song, the boy with the doll enacts in vivid pantomime the story of a father's struggle when confronted with the necessity of drowning his child to save it from slow death by starvation.

festival clothes with flowers in their wide hats, they move and posture in imitation of the stately dances of long-gone days. Sometimes one of them plays the samisen, or sings in the queer quavering Japanese manner, or a boy will act out some heroic legend of a gallant warrior.

Whatever they do, it is always done with an immense dignity and a quiet self-possession which would be almost impossible for a Western child, for they are trained in a stern school, and they realize with pride that the Old Japan which was the glory of their ancestors can be found today only on the stage. They do their little best to keep this glory from fading.

GROWING RICE

When you have rice for dinner, and you see the firm white grains on your plate, do you ever stop to think where it came from, or how it is grown? The chances are about nine out of ten that it came from the Orient somewhere, perhaps from Japan. I can tell you at once that it is grown in fields that are more like huge mud pies than anything else I can think of, for rice needs mud and water almost as much as frogs do. Who would guess that when looking at rice on a plate?

In the Orient the growing of rice means a great deal of hard work. First, the seed grains are spread about broadcast in a field of mud. Then a few weeks later, when the shoots are about a foot high, they are pulled up by the roots and every single shoot is transplanted by hand into another still muddier field. Just think what a nuisance that is! The shoots are set in rows this time, about eighteen inches apart; and all this time they are kept under water. Only toward the last, when the rice is nearly grown, do the farmers let the water run off, so that the grain can ripen in the sun.

All this work is very interesting and picturesque to watch. The rice fields, or "paddy fields" as they are called, must, of course, be perfectly



flat or the water wouldn't stay on them, and each one must have a wall around it high enough to keep the water from running off. As so much of Japan is hilly, and as every inch of space is valuable, the farmers level off the hillsides into little terraces, like so many shelves. When you stand on a high place and look down on the fields, they look almost like pieces of some gigantic jig-saw puzzle. Sometimes you catch a glimpse of a patient peasant outlined against



Rice terraces like stairways rising from the sea.

the sky, with his hands behind his back, tramping down the fields in his bare feet, the water swirling around his ankles. He seems as primitive today as the first man who ever raised grain, long before history began.

When the fields are on a mountain side, it is not very difficult as a rule to flood them, for there is usually water on the mountains, and this is led down the sides in ditches, and can be turned into the fields; but when these fields are on a level, the water must be pumped up over them. The Japanese use a wheel to do this, something like a mill wheel, only smaller. Each one is turned by a man who stands, holding to an upright, and steps on the paddles as they turn. It is very long and tiresome work, but it is a very interesting sight.

When it comes time to transplant the rice, all of the family help, even the old people and the children. They bend in the hot sun, with towels tied over their heads, sticking the little green shoots into the mud. Although they always seem cheerful enough as they do it, I for one am glad I am not a Japanese farmer when that time comes. The American farmers who raise rice, do not like to do all this work, and so have found a way to make rice grow without transplanting it this way.

When the grain is ripe, the Japanese cut it down with a hand sickle. They then pull off



Millions of Japanese farm-folk spend their days knee-deep in the paddy fields tending the growing rice crop.

the heavy heads by drawing the straws, little bunches at a time, between sticks set close together. The straws come through, but the grains are knocked off into tubs. The grains are then pounded to get the husks off, and afterward shaken in baskets till the wind blows away the chaff; but the wind isn't always ready to work when the farmers are! The straw is used for making sandals and all sorts of other things.

So you can see how much trouble it is to raise those innocent-looking white grains that come to your plate at last. Next time you have rice to eat, even if you think it hasn't very much taste, just be thankful you don't have to help make it grow!

OSAKA — THE INDUSTRIAL CITY

There is one city in Japan, not far from beautiful Kyoto, which is as different from that dreaming city as it could well be. It is almost as old as Kyoto in one way; but, in another, it is practically a new city, and it is as ugly as Kyoto is beautiful. This is the city of Osaka.

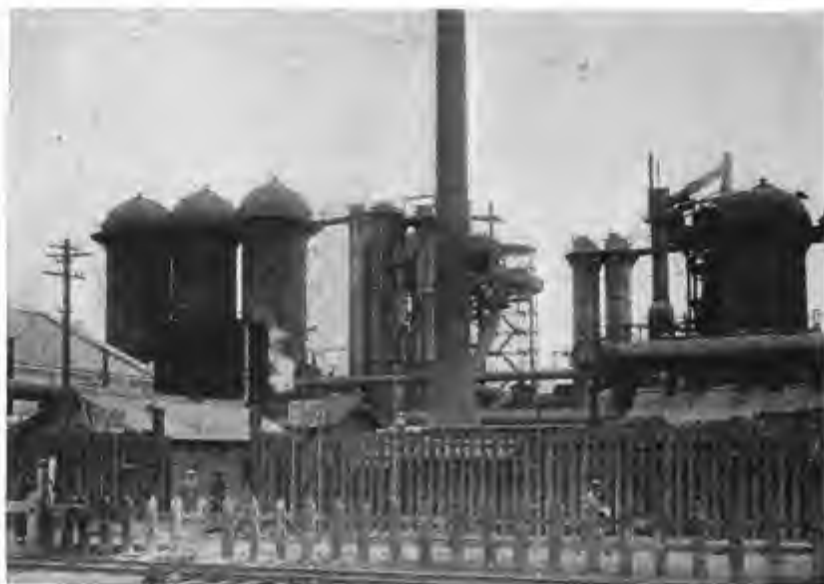
Yet behind the ugliness of Osaka is romance, too, the sort of romance that America can appreciate; for Osaka can be taken as a symbol of the really wonderful commercial rise of New Japan.

Perhaps nothing else in the last fifty years has been more surprising to the rest of the world than the commercial and the military rise of this little kingdom. Up to the time that Commodore Perry, in 1853, opened the country to the rest of the world, trade had been despised in Japan, and the commercial classes had been looked down upon. But when Commodore Perry visited Japan, he found her in the hands of farsighted statesmen, who saw almost immediately that if they allowed the West to capture their trade, they would soon lose their independence as well. They had learned this fact from India and Egypt. With extraordinary energy they then set about developing their commerce.

These statesmen could not wait until the people at large awakened to their needs. Instead of being content to let commerce develop naturally, they hurried matters up. They organized banks, and picked out the best men in the country to run them, backing them up meanwhile with government money. Today their banking system is so well developed that Japanese banks maintain branches in America. The government also formed stock exchanges, one of the first at Osaka, and built model factories to teach the people. They encouraged the organization of three great steamship lines, which were also backed by government money, so that they might ship the goods they manufactured.

In these and other ways, the farsighted statesmen taught the people the need of commerce. With the rapidity with which the Japanese learn new things, the country at large took up this new game of trade, and made a success of it. Their foreign trade is growing by leaps and bounds. The ships of their merchant marine are seen in every port in the world. Japan is everywhere and sees everything.

The United States is Japan's best customer, as well as one of her principal providers. We send her chiefly raw cotton, iron, and oil; and she sends us chiefly silk, tea, matches, and pottery.



The big blast furnaces of a Japanese steel company.

The World War was a splendid commercial opportunity for Japan, just as it was for the United States. Business boomed at the expense of Europe. After the war there was a slump; but commerce is now on its feet again, and the troubles in Europe still give Japan many business opportunities.

You have perhaps heard it said that the Japanese are not commercially honest. There is some truth in this reproach, but it is only a question of time when this will no longer be true. You must remember that it takes time to learn a new game in all its fine points; and

after all, it is not very long since we ourselves, made the discovery that honesty is the best policy. It is not many years since our own word "Yank" meant in the eyes of the rest of the world something between a horse-trader and a cheat; and it is not very long since one of the New England states was famous for its wooden nutmegs. The Japanese are today in just about the stage of our own Yankee traders of a hundred years ago. The first traders from all the Western countries who came to Japan, cheated them mercilessly; and it is natural enough that the Japanese thought, at first, that cheating was part of the game; but today they are learning that cheating is bad business in the long run; and they are too commercially wise to continue it. Already there are a number of Japanese firms whose trade-marks represent as high standards as those of our own country.

So behind the ugliness of Osaka,—its straight dirty streets, not unlike those in our own manufacturing towns—with its rows of uninteresting houses, its street cars, and its factories, lies this romance of commerce. There are other things in the city, of course, left from the old days before commerce took possession of the city. There is a castle built by Hideyoshi, and there are a great many canals that are crossed by nearly 3,000 bridges.



Downtown in Osaka.

Perhaps most interesting of all to us, there is a wonderful puppet theater, where those queer dolls have been playing in the same temple grounds for four hundred years. But all of these things which belong to the old days are overshadowed by the ironworks, the sugar refineries, the cotton mills, the shipyards, and the arsenal.

Few tourists go to Osaka. They do not care to see these things. Yet Osaka, and the things it stands for, are a very real and a very important part of Japan today, and a part that we can not afford to overlook or ignore.

“OLDER SISTERS”

THE LITTLE SERVING-MAIDS OF JAPAN

Everyone who has ever lived in a Japanese house or a Japanese hotel has a very warm spot in his heart for the little serving-maids who make life so comfortable for him. None of them are taller than children, and all of them are as gay as birds. I suppose they must sometimes be really sad, but they are so thoroughly trained to believe that it is not polite to show a sad face, that the master or mistress whom they serve never suspects it. In their gay obi they flutter about, their white-stockinged feet making no noise on the mats, and their voices always low and pleasant, except when they giggle politely and irresistibly.

The first thing the traveler sees when he arrives at a Japanese inn, even before he gets inside the door, is a row of these smiling little nesan, or “older sisters,” as they are called, bobbing and bowing before him. The last thing he sees when he leaves is the same row of smiling faces, urging him to come back again.

Once inside the inn, the traveler is immediately taken possession of by them. They open and close the screens for him, they help him put away his things, they tend the little charcoal stove, they bring him tea on little lacquer trays, and they try



Nesan greeting the coming guest.

very hard and politely to understand his few funny words of Japanese! If he does something which if done by a Japanese would be very rude, which he very often does all unwittingly, they never let him suspect it.

Yet many of them have at times a quiet dignity which we should not expect to find in such gay and simple little creatures. I have seen two or three — such for instance as the little maid who stands on the balcony in the picture — who can pour tea with as much grace and composure as the most accomplished hostess at home. This is the dignity which is one of the most charming qualities of the Japanese people.

In Japan there are also menservants, of course. They do the harder work of the household, prepare the bath, run errands, tend the





The wooden floor of the balcony is polished every day like this. The servant runs along on all fours pressing the cloth to the floor.

garden, and often do the cooking. It is their work, too, to polish the little strip of hardwood floor on the balcony around the sleeping-rooms. You can see in the picture here in what an odd position they do this polishing!

Whether they are men- or maid-servants, they always take a real and personal interest in those whom they serve and always try to protect them. I had an amusing proof of this once. We had rented a Japanese house in Tokyo and, as it was our first taste of Japanese life, we were enchanted by it. One evening a Japanese friend and his wife came to dine with us, a man who had lived many years in America and who understood our ways perfectly; so we did not

try to be "Japanese polite" with him. We told him most enthusiastically how delightful we found the house, knowing he would understand that we meant all Japanese houses, since there was nothing unusual about this one. We talked in English, but suddenly our little maid — Honorable Miss Yone, we called her — broke into the conversation with a long stream of Japanese which we could not understand.

"Hai, hai," "yes, yes," said our friend patiently. At last I inquired what she was saying. "Oh, she is saying that this is only a very poor and cheap house, that it is most inconveniently built, and that you pay very little rent for it."

I was too surprised to say anything at the time, but later I asked another American friend, who understood Japanese ways better than I did, why our little maid had done that.

"That was very kind of Honorable Miss Yone," she answered. "She understands enough English to know that you were most impolitely praising your own house. In Japan you must always speak disrespectfully of anything that belongs to you; so she was really saving the family honor for you!"

When I understood this, I also thought it was very kind of O-Yone-San. But wouldn't it be odd if a serving-maid should do such a thing in America?

FEUDAL CASTLES

The houses of Japan today are such frail little affairs, compared with our own houses of brick and stone, that it seems to a foreigner at first as though the people lived in doll houses. But if anyone should imagine that the Japanese built them this way because they have no stone, or do not know how to build with stone, that person would be very much mistaken. They knew about building with stone before Columbus discovered America.

Centuries ago, when there were no railroads, nor even good roads of any kind from place to place, it took weeks and weeks of traveling to get from one part of Japan to another. There were never many horses in the country; and as most of the traveling was done on foot or in palanquins, you can imagine how long that took! Because of this state of things, it came about that each little part of the country more or less governed itself; not altogether, of course, because there was always a central government somewhere, to which everyone was subject. In practice the central government couldn't very well keep track of what was going on everywhere, so here and there a man would grow richer and stronger than his fellows, and would make himself into a sort of small, unimportant



king — though he never called himself a king, of course — and would govern the country near him pretty much as he liked. This state of affairs is called the feudal system, and practically the same thing happened in Europe in the Middle Ages.

One of the first things these feudal lords did to keep their power was to build castles for themselves. Just as the knights at the time of King Arthur in England had their castles, with towers and moats and drawbridges, so these lords of Japan had theirs. A few of these castles have survived wars and earthquakes and are standing today, much as they were originally built.

One of the most famous of these castles is at Nagoya at the head of the Bay of Ise near the south coast of Japan. You can see for yourself in the picture how big and strong and well fortified it was, and how hard it would have been to capture it in those days. Inside, the castle is not artistic and gracious as Japanese houses are today, but as crude and rough as the times when it was built.

They tell an amusing story about another of these castles, which was built by one of the great heroes of the Middle Ages in Japan, named Hideyoshi. He wanted to build his castle in Osaka. There was not much stone to be had close at hand, and so he did a very clever

thing. He offered a prize, a large one, to the man who would bring him the biggest stone to use as the cornerstone of the castle. Men came from everywhere dragging and trundling stones as large as they could move, so that presently there was an enormous pile of stones where the castle was to be built. Hideyoshi paid the reward as he had promised for the biggest one; but those who brought the others got nothing, and of course there was no use in their dragging the stones home again. So Hideyoshi had all the stone he wanted for the price of the single reward, which was much less than it would have cost him if he had had the stone brought in the usual way.

You will not be surprised when I tell you that such a clever man as that became a very great man in his day, and finally succeeded in uniting all of Japan under his rule.

He made war upon Korea, and it was an expedition sent there by him that brought back the Korean pottery-makers who taught the Japanese how to make the beautiful pottery now known as Satsuma ware. He was one of the greatest of the shoguns, and every school child in Japan honors his memory today. You can still see the stones of his castle if you go there. So if the Japanese don't build stone houses now it is because they don't want to build them. And who can quarrel with them for that?



On her way to the Hundred Holy Places.

THE HUNDRED HOLY PLACES

We all know the story of our own "Pilgrim Fathers," and how they came across angry seas, searching for liberty to worship God in their own way. When they died, they left us this liberty, but who among us goes today on a pilgrimage?

Yet the Orient is still a land of pilgrims. All across the broad lands of Asia, pilgrims are incessantly traveling. In the snows of Tibet, across the hot plains of India, up the Sacred

Mountain of China, they go on these sacred journeys. Japan also has her pilgrims; but these travelers are not seeking, like our own fathers, a new country and a new liberty; they are simply revisiting the sacred spots of ancient faiths or of ancient beauty.

There are a hundred holy places in Japan to which every devout Japanese hopes to go before he dies. Some are cities, like Kyoto, Nikko and Nara where the famous temples are; some are isolated Shinto or Buddhist shrines; some are monasteries like those of Koya San; one at least is a mountain, the ever honorable Fuji, up whose rough sides thousands of pilgrims go in a single day during the short summer months.

Many of these places are sacred only because they are beautiful. It is a very charming characteristic of the Japanese people, this love of nature which makes them know that beauty is in itself sacred, that through the understanding of beauty, the soul of man is raised and strengthened. In the West, all the artists know this, the painters, the poets, the musicians, and the rest, but how many of the other people know it? Not many, unfortunately.

In Japan no one is too old or too young to undertake a pilgrimage on foot to one or all of these holy places. If they are so very, very old or so very, very young that they cannot walk, they can still go on other feet than their



own; for many a mother has climbed Fuji with her baby on her back, and even grandmothers have been carried up on the backs of grandsons.

Even the poor people, who could not afford the journeys, have found a way to arrange matters so that some of them at least may see the sacred spots. In every district of Japan, especially in the country districts, Pilgrimage Associations have been formed to which thousands of persons belong. The dues are very small, but there are so many members that the sum is sufficient to pay the expense of a certain number of members every year. The lucky ones are chosen by lot, and they set out full of happiness to make the "honorable journeys" and



A Japanese guide explaining the sights.

to say a prayer at the sacred shrines for all the less fortunate ones who cannot go that year.

In every famous place to which the pilgrims go, they do certain regular things. In Nikko, for instance, twice a year a band of pilgrims is allowed to cross the beautiful red lacquered bridge, which formerly only the governing shogun used. In a temple in that city there is a sort of octagonal bookcase which contains the 6,771 volumes of the Buddhist scriptures. This bookcase is balanced on a swivel so that it can be easily turned. Every pilgrim should by rights read all these books, but in practice nobody has time for this. So these pilgrims simply put their shoulders to the case and turn it completely round on its swivel. In this way they are supposed to get as much benefit as though they had read all the books! In another temple lives a sacred pony which is kept always ready for the spirit of Iyeyasu should that old warrior want to ride abroad. The pilgrims feed this lucky pony beans, which they buy in tiny saucers from the attendant. These, and other curious things, they do at Nikko. Every other sacred place has its customs.

The pilgrims wear a special sort of costume. They dress always in white, with straw sandals, and straw mats slung across their shoulders. They use these mats as raincoats by day and, if necessary, as beds by night. On their heads

they wear broad hats, also of straw, as a protection against rain and sun. The staffs which they carry in their hands are marked with special seals at the various stopping-places, as proof that they have really been used. In many places food and drink are served them free by kindly persons.

Women go on pilgrimages, too, though not usually alone. Sometimes, however, one will meet a woman, tramping alone through the hills, or bowing at the temples, her traveling kit on her back, and her good staff tapping cheerily on the stones.



Peculiar basket headdress worn by pilgrims who are expiating a crime.

There is another sort of pilgrim, a somber one, who does not join in the usual good cheer of the others. This is the pilgrim — and fortunately there are not many of him — who has committed some crime or evil act. He has not been convicted of the crime, perhaps not even suspected. He is trying and hoping to remove his moral guilt by making the sacred journeys. He wears somber clothes, instead of the white worn by the cheerful, simple-hearted pilgrims. He carries a placard on his chest. On his head he wears a curious wicker headdress, not unlike an overturned basket, with slits through which he can see his way. It covers his face completely, so that he is spared the shame of being seen and recognized. Persons who are being tried for murder in the courts wear a somewhat similar wicker headdress for the same reason.

These sad men, however, are a rare sight. For the most part the pilgrims are always cheerful, even light-hearted, for to the Japanese pilgrims, their religion is not the somber thing it was to our own Pilgrim Fathers. They see nature as their friend, and the spirits of the dead as their protectors. So they wander light-heartedly up and down the country, almost as gaily as though they were going to a festival. They count themselves fortunate, both for this world and the life to come, that they are able thus to visit The Hundred Holy Places.

THE ARMY AND NAVY

There is one mistake that we must never make about Japan. We must not think, because of the quaint, gentle customs of this country, the picturesqueness of its people and their love of beauty, that Japan is a weak nation. On the contrary, Japan is really militaristic, and is now one of the strongest world powers. Long ago, to the great surprise of the rest of the world, she defeated Russia in war; and during the World War, her ships were a great help to the allies.

The Japanese, because of their island kingdom, have always been a seafaring people. There is an old Japanese painting, dated 1300 A. D., which shows a sea fight with the Chinese, in which the ships are wreathed in smoke from their guns. If the date on this painting is correct, that was probably the earliest naval battle ever fought with guns. You see, the Chinese invented gunpowder.

During the centuries when Japan had isolated herself, however, the government forbade the building of big ships, except a few merchant junks that traded with China; but as soon as Commodore Perry had called on them with his modern warships, they began to



Japanese Jack Tars marching through Tokyo.

acquire a navy again. The first Western ship in their navy was one that had belonged to the Confederate States of America. After the War Between the States, they bought this ship, and rechristened it with a Japanese name. Soon after this, they began to build ships of their own.

Now they have a thoroughly modern navy,

with ships as big and as well equipped as those of any other nation. Until a few years ago, Japan was willing to keep her navy smaller than the navies of Great Britain or the United States. These three nations had an agreement that kept down the size of their navies. In a conference held at Washington it was agreed that Japan should have no more than three ships for every five that either Great Britain or the United States had.

Recently, however, Japan has decided that she should have the most powerful navy possible. The Japanese government believes that Japan should control the Pacific Ocean, at least in the western part of it. To do this, Japan must have a large navy. Since making that decision, the Japanese have built many new warships and increased the size of the Japanese navy.

The Japanese army is also a large one. Every young man in the nation must serve a certain length of time in either the army or the navy. For many years after he has served, the former soldier or sailor is in the reserves, which means that he can be called to serve again in time of war.

Besides building up her army and navy, Japan has also paid particular attention to her air force. Hundreds of Japanese have been trained as aviators.

LOVERS OF FLOWERS

Have you ever seen a party of American pleasure-seekers, while driving in an automobile through our own countryside, come upon a flowering bush? Do you know what they usually do? They get down out of the car, with whoops of delight; and without stopping to look at the bush and admire it, they tear off great branches and masses of flowers, and jump into their car, leaving the poor bush badly maimed, and sometimes completely ruined, so that it will never bloom again. Then they stuff the flowers away somewhere in the car, and ride for several more miles; and by the time they arrive at their home, the flowers are quite dead. If you were to ask them why they had done this they would answer, "It is because we love flowers."

To the Japanese such a barbarous act as this is inconceivable. You see, they really do love flowers—love them as we love other living things. Would anyone kill a dog or a canary bird because he "loved it?" No more would the Japanese kill flowers for the same reason. It is true that they will pick a few flowers from the garden, or break a single small branch from a flowering tree or bush; but in doing so, they always use the greatest care, in order that the plant itself shall not be hurt. The flowers they



have picked, are instantly put into water, so that they may live the longest time possible. If the Japanese cannot take proper care of a flower, they do not pick it. Fortunately, more and more people in our own country are coming to see that this is the way of the true lover of flowers.

For many centuries the Japanese have made a real art of "flower arrangement,"—and a very complicated art it is. It is an important part of the education of every girl and woman. In fact there are as many teachers of this art in Japan as there are teachers of piano in this country.

Just to take a dozen flowers and put them into a vase, as we do here, seems to a Japanese very wasteful and meaningless, for the reason that every bouquet has a meaning, often a philosophical as well as a personal meaning. If anyone wished to insult a Japanese, which fortunately one seldom wishes to do, one could do it just as easily with a flower as with a blow, such is the significance that a flower can express.

A Japanese flower arrangement has usually three sprays. The tallest is placed in the middle and symbolizes heaven, the shortest stands for earth, and the one of middle height, for man. Sometimes they have five or seven sprays, but this same principle must be observed. They never use an even number of sprays, or flowers. The different flowers, too, each have a meaning.

Plum blossoms, for instance, stand for purity; the wistaria stands for gentleness, and is the symbol of the Japanese woman; and the cherry blossom is the flower of the old Samurai ideals. When an honored guest is coming to a Japanese home, the flower arrangement in the tokonoma contains a compliment or message for this guest.

Japanese artists never tire of painting flowers. There are thousands and thousands of prints and paintings of them; and so carefully have the painters studied and thought about them that they have developed a special way of representing each flower. Birds, too, have come to be connected in their minds with the flowers, so that a painter will never make a plum blossom without a nightingale, nor a lotus without a mandarin duck.

Every season of the year has its special flower. This is true everywhere of course, as every good gardener knows; but in Japan the different flower seasons have a far greater meaning for the people at large than anywhere else. Each city has its flower calendar; and even prosy modern guidebooks to the cities tell, along with the city improvements and the list of hotels, just where the wistaria can best be seen, and what day the irises are due to bloom.

The first to come in the spring is the plum blossom, opening its first pink buds in the end of February or the beginning of March; for in



Japan the flower year begins earlier than in Europe and America. After that comes the peach blossom, and then in April the cherry; and after the cherry comes a veritable riot of bloom. The hills are ablaze with azalea bushes; the peonies and the wistaria call the people to "flower-viewing." In June the iris, or flag, blooms in its watery bed, and then the morning-glory opens its tender flowers. The hot days of August bring the lotus, the sacred flower of Buddhism, and also called the flower of death. The great heavy blossoms rise from the stagnant water where they grow, and the wide leaves spread themselves to the heat. The flower lives only two days. At dawn one day it opens, making a strange cracking sound. In a few moments it is wide open, but by noon it has shut again. The next noon its leaves fall, unwithered, and only the pod remains.

The last flower of importance is the chrysanthemum. Every city has its chrysanthemum show, where so many varieties are shown that it seems impossible to count them. They are of every color, sometimes even black.

Such is the love of the Japanese for flowers that even after the winter has come, they still go viewing. The flower they find in winter is the white snowflake. Do you not think this is as beautiful and as short-lived as a flower? So in Japan the flowers are with them always.



Schoolboys in blue and white kimonos with polka dots and checks. Others in modern baseball suits.

CHILDREN'S GAMES

Most of the things I have been telling you about in this book are different from the things at home. But, underneath all these differences, there are many simple human things that are the same all the world over. One of these is the play of children.

Japanese children are different in outside ways of course. They are dressed differently; they speak a different language; and the faces of the little ones are always dirty, because for some reason, which no Westerner can ever understand, the Japanese have

a very silly superstition about a child's nose. They think it is unlucky or unhealthy to wipe it, till it is six years old. So the little kiddies, who are always scrupulously clean in every other way, are unclean in this way. But all these differences are really only on the outside; in their hearts they are just like our own children. A foreign child can play with a whole schoolful of Japanese children and feel perfectly at home with them, even if he cannot speak a word of their language.

The outward part of the games is sometimes different, too, because many games are imitations of things in the world of grown-ups; as playing soldiers, for instance. When the little boys of Nippon march up the street holding toy guns and a tin trumpet and waving a flag, they think of themselves as brave soldiers of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor; whereas, when our little boys do it, they think of themselves as brave sons of Uncle Sam. But that doesn't really matter. What matters is the fun of marching and pretending. It is even fun sometimes, for a change, to pretend that we are gallant allies. The Japanese children sometimes pretend they are American soldiers. We know this to be so, because when taking these pictures, the photographer



came quite accidentally across some boys in Tokyo playing soldier with an American flag. Here is their picture to prove it.

Another familiar game the photographer came upon is our own American baseball, played by some modern young Japanese in a city park. The batter looks a bit self-conscious and embarrassed at having his picture taken, I think. Baseball is rapidly growing in popularity in Japan.

Wrestling is a great favorite with Japanese boys, too, just as it is at home; only the Japanese boys imitate the huge wrestlers I have already told you about, or the slippery jiu-jitsu wrestlers. They have ever and



Left: A Japanese boy on stilts or "heron legs" as he calls them. Note how his toes grip the stilts. Right: Play ball! Young Japan at the bat with geta on his feet.

ever so many other games like ours. For instance, they are very fond of stilts, which they call "heron legs"—you can guess why. And they have a little advantage over us in this because the stilts are made narrow in front and the Japanese children grip the stick between their toes as they grip their geta straps, and that makes the walking easier.

They spin tops, though the tops are a little different shape from ours; they play a sort of tag and something much like pom-pom-pull away; they have snowball fights in winter; they play ball; they make jack o'lanterns, out of melons instead of pumpkins; they play follow the leader; they whittle sticks and toys;—in short, they play so many games that are very much like our games that I couldn't tell you all of them.

Japanese children, too, are very fond of pets. Dogs and cats, goldfish and turtles are everywhere. But they have another kind of pet, that we do not have here. These are the cicadas, something like our locusts, and other insects which the children catch in the grass and keep in tiny cages, because they love the churring sound the insects make, just as we love the song of the canary.

Although most of the games that these Japanese children play are very much like ours, they have a few that we do not play. There is one little game they play to decide which person shall be "it" in another game, that we have copied from them, and we are beginning to play in this country. They usually play it instead of counting:

Eeny, meeny, miney, mo,
but it can be played by itself. The Japanese call it "Jan-ken-po."

To play it two children put their hands behind their back, and then bring their right fist in front of them and shake it up and down, saying "Jan-ken-po" three times. At the third time, they both open their fists at the same time to represent paper, scissors, or stone. The first two fingers spread out means scissors; the open palm means paper; and the shut fist means a stone. Stone dulls scissors, scissors cut paper, and paper wraps stone. So stone wins over scissors, scissors over paper, and paper over stone. In this way, the winner is decided by luck. If you have never played this game, try it sometime. It is lots of fun.

So you see that, although there are a great many things in Japan which are difficult for Westerners to understand, still the hearts of children are alike everywhere.



The Ainu conversing. He spreads his mat, removes his sandals and squats, not on his heels like the Japanese, but with his feet in front of him.

A VANISHING RACE

When Columbus first landed in this country, he found the Indians here. Over this whole broad land, these warriors then roamed and had their sway. Today but comparatively few of them are left; and, over the greater part of the broad lands which once were theirs, only the names remain to remind us of them — the beautiful liquid names they gave us, Minnehaha, Niagara, and a thousand others.

Just so it happened in Japan. The oldest book that the Japanese have, a book written in 712 A.D. says, "When our august ancestors descended from heaven in a boat, they found upon this island several barbarous races, the most fierce of whom were the Ainu." This is the flowery Japanese way of saying that when they first came to Japan in their ships, as Columbus came to America, the Ainu were there before them. Today only a few Ainu are left; but over the islands, many Ainu names are found. These names are all that remain to remind us of the days when these curious people were the owners of Japan.

The scientists who study these things do not seem to agree as to the origin of the Ainu. Some think they are Mongolians, of the same racial stock as the Chinese and Japanese; but others think that they are Caucasians, as we are. It would be curious, wouldn't it, if these old and childlike people proved to be our own cousins?

Certainly they seem very different from their conquerors. They are larger than the Japanese, their skins are whiter, and their faces are not like the other faces on the islands; also they are hairy, so that they are often called "The Hairy Ainu." This name must originally have been given them by the Japanese, whose bodies are perfectly smooth, and who can very seldom grow even the smallest beard. But actually the

Ainu are not much hairier than a hairy European; they simply appear to be because they let their hair and their beards grow, while the Europeans cut theirs.

Just as in the United States the Indians have been pushed farther and farther back, till today they live in a little space in the West, so in Japan the Ainu have been pushed back till only a few villages are left. These villages are now almost all in the north of Japan, on the Island of Yezo, which is called Hokkaido.

Yezo is not a very pleasant place to live in.



The primitive huts of the Ainu offer but poor protection from the severe cold and the deep winter snows of the northern island of Hokkaido.

The winters there are bitter cold, with a great deal of snow, and the summers are short and very hot. The island is rough and mountainous, with many volcanoes, so that earthquakes often occur. The poor Ainu, who are a simple, kindly people, "semi-barbarous" they are called, do not know how to protect themselves against these things. Their houses are made of thatch, not only the roofs but the walls also, through which the wind blows so roughly that on a windy night it is impossible to keep a candle lighted in them. As a result, the people are often ill, and, as they have no doctors of any kind, when a man is ill, he wraps himself in a blanket, and waits until he gets well — or dies. This is one of the reasons why even those few who are left are dying out so fast.

Another reason why the race is disappearing is that the younger Ainu often marry Japanese, and their children are not true Ainu. But the strongest reason why in a few years there will probably be no more of these poor people is because the men drink to excess. They drink whenever they have any excuse at all, at weddings, at feasts, and even at funerals; and whenever they have no excuse they drink without one.

Drinking is a real ceremony with them. In one of these pictures, you can see the curious wooden things, which look like paper-cutters,



An Ainu drinking ceremony. The ruler-like thing is used to raise the long mustache out of the way while drinking.

that they use in this ceremony. With the end of one of these, they first flip out of the cup three drops of saké in honor of one of their many gods, the goddess of fire, the god of the sleeping places, or one of the others.

If you watch them doing this, you may think they are flipping mosquitoes out of the wine! After this they lift their heavy mustaches with these wooden utensils, and drink. They drink very slowly, very ceremonially, and very often, till they all become very drunk indeed.

Only the men, however, are allowed to do the drinking. The poor women are treated much like slaves; and, like the women of the Indians, they do all the hard work, except the hunting and fishing. They till the few little fields, cook the food brought by the men, tend the house, bring up the children, and do all the odd jobs. When they have nothing else to do, they cut down trees, split firewood and thresh grain. They carry all the burdens. They make all the clothes, first cutting the bark of the elm tree from which the cloth is made, then soaking this bark and making thread from the fibres; after this they weave the cloth, make the coats, and, last of all, embroider the bright patterns on them; and all this time they are treated almost like slaves. It is no wonder they prefer to marry Japanese, who treat them much better.

But in spite of this bad treatment, they are still kindly and good-natured, and fond of dress. They wear many cheap ornaments and gay headdresses; and, in order to be quite in style, each woman has a tattooed mustache! They are devoted to their children. In one of the pictures, an Ainu woman is holding up a child, so he can look at the moving-picture machine, which is a great curiosity to them.

The Ainu have many elaborate rules of politeness. When two men meet, they salute



Burton Holmes' camera attracts Ainu attention.

each other by raising their hands, palm upward, to the face, and bringing their hands down, stroking their beards, and afterwards rubbing the palms together. Then a mat is brought and the two sit down opposite each other, cross-legged like tailors. After this the palm-rubbing goes on, sometimes for half an hour.

Although the Ainu do not know how to write, and so have no written literature, they have a simple religion, a sort of nature-worship, and many folk-stories, mostly religious myths. Among other things they worship bears! They





Where the young bear is kept and fattened for sacrifice.

hunt these in the forests, kill and eat the grown bears, and bring the cubs back to the village. A cub is put into a cage, is worshipped — and at the same time fattened — till he is nearly grown. He is then killed and eaten at a great feast, and another cub is put in his place in the cage.

Western scientists are now busy studying the Ainu, writing down their customs and their folklore, so that when they have ceased to exist, the world may still know something of those curious people, the “white men of Japan.”



An American traveler writing post cards in a Japanese inn.

WRITING WITH A BRUSH

Learning to write in Japan is really a very laborious task. I sometimes wonder how the poor children ever learn to write. It is, I should say, at least five times as hard to learn to write in the Japanese way as it is in our way; for, instead of learning the twenty-six letters of one alphabet, as we do, the Japanese are obliged to learn fifty of one kind, and forty-five of another; and this is merely the easiest part of the task; because, before they are ready to enter a

university, they must learn by heart three or four thousand Chinese characters. Learning to write in Japan is, therefore, about as hard as the combined tasks of learning to paint pictures and to write shorthand would be for us.

You see, Chinese words are not made of letters put together according to sound, as our words are; instead, each character is a sort of picture of what the word means. For instance, the Chinese way of writing "man" is an up-and-down mark with two legs to it; and the character for "house" is a sort of box with a roof over it; except that, during the centuries the Chinese have been writing these characters, these pictures have changed so that they do not now really look at all like what they represent. You could never guess by looking at any one of these pictures what it is intended for; so you have to learn each one of them by heart separately. Some of them are made with only two or three strokes of a brush, which the Japanese use instead of a pen; but sometimes there are twenty different strokes in the same character; and each tiny stroke must be made in exactly the right place, and it must be made, too, by twirling the brush in exactly the right way, or else it will not be correct.

The reason why the Japanese use these Chinese characters, is this: When the first Japanese came to the islands from China many



高橋大造薬局製

清快丸

油肝丸



高橋大造薬局製

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centuries ago, they brought the Chinese civilization and culture with them, just as our own ancestors, when they came to America, brought European culture with them; but in the hundreds of years since the Japanese have had a country of their own, they have changed and adapted this civilization till now the Japanese are hardly at all like the Chinese, except in looks.

The enemies of Japan always accuse her people of taking a great deal from China. But you remember the old saying that "people who live in glass houses should not throw stones." It is really funny to hear an American saying scornful things about Japan for this reason, quite forgetting that he is in exactly the same situation himself. The very language he uses in saying these things came from England in the first place, and our American civilization today resembles that of England much more closely than the Japanese civilization does the Chinese. It isn't where a civilization came from in the first place that counts; it's what it is today.

The Japanese language is not at all like the Chinese; but one of the things that is left from the old days is that the Japanese when writing their language, still use Chinese characters in part. But they have made alphabets according to sound—phonetic alphabets they

are called—on the same principle as our alphabet was made, to help themselves out, because the Chinese language is too vague and unprecise to suit the Japanese. So they now write first a Chinese character and then, in their own alphabet, a sort of explanation of it. For instance, there is a Chinese character for the idea of “run,” but it doesn’t say who runs or how many persons run, or even whether they ran yesterday, are running today, or will run tomorrow; so the Japanese write after the character little signs that mean these things.

There is quite a strong movement in Japan today the object of which is to get rid of the Chinese characters altogether, and to write their own language in a less clumsy way, using our own Latin alphabet. So that perhaps in another century or so the poor children won’t have so much to learn. But can you imagine anyone’s being obliged to learn to make three or four thousand Chinese characters before he could write a graduation essay?—not to mention the two Japanese alphabets! It is no wonder it takes the children many years to learn to write the Japanese language.

Both in Japan and in China, handwriting is considered just as much an art as painting. Specimens of especially good writing are often hung on the wall as though they were pictures in oil or water color. But nowadays, modern



The signs at all railway stations are in Japanese and English.

Japan is learning to write with a fountain pen instead of a brush, and so the fine art of Japanese writing is being lost.

In the pictures here you can see something of what Japanese writing is like. The sign on the railroad platform is done in the handwriting style. There are a great many different kinds of letters used on signboards and other places, making the task of learning to write still more difficult for the children.

So, although in some ways it seems that Japanese children are luckier than we are, when it comes to learning to write, you and I can be very thankful we are Americans!

or eight years of age, they are taken to these schools by their parents, and from that time on, they are under the orders of the head of the house, who is usually a man. He pays for their care, food, clothing, and education, and when they are old enough to earn money themselves they repay him.

The little ones, who have not yet graduated, are called *maiko*. They wear very gay and sumptuous clothes, and when they walk, they use a special motion which flips open the bottom of their *kimonos* a few inches with each step. This is considered very gay and coquettish. The other women of Japan take great pains that their *kimonos* shall not flip this way.

After a *maiko* is graduated into a full-fledged *geisha*, which is usually at about seventeen, she wears more somber clothes, though they are always richer than the usual dress of the rest of the Japanese women. When they are hired for an entertainment, the older *maiko* do the dancing, while the *geisha* sing and play for them on the *samisen*.

Many formal Japanese dinner parties include one or more *geisha* to entertain the guests. One dinner party that I attended, was given for several foreign women at the home of a very modern member of parliament; and two little *geisha*, as beautiful as moving paintings, entertained us. The hostess who, though not of



Geisha dancing in a fashionable Tokyo restaurant.

course a geisha herself, had many accomplishments, helped them to entertain us. She sang, while one of the geisha accompanied her on the koto, the queer harp of old Japan, which has a strange far-away sound, almost eerie in its faint sadness. Afterward the hostess herself played the koto while a geisha danced.

Usually in Japan the formal dinner parties are only for men, and no women except the geisha go to them. They are often held in restaurants or tea houses, and the geisha must then take the place of hostess as well as that of entertainer. Perhaps the hardest accomplishment of all those which the little butterfly dancers must learn, is the art of being always gay, always gracious and charming, with anyone who wishes to hire them by the hour.

Usually they have never seen their employers nor the guests before and probably will not see them again, and it must be very hard indeed to play hostess for them.

There is another somber side to the life of the geisha which you would never suspect, seeing them so gay at parties. Most of them come from poor families, because the profession of geisha in spite of all its accomplishments, is not very highly considered in Japan, and the daughters of wealthy people never enter it. The men who keep the training-schools pile up such large bills against the girls for their training, their living, and the beautiful clothes they wear, that the poor girls cannot repay the men till they are almost too old to earn money for themselves; so they are often kept practically as slaves by these men. This will not be so bad in the future, because the Japanese courts have decided that a geisha has a right to live where and how she pleases, even if she has not yet paid these bills.

Yet in spite of this and other somber sides to their lives, the little geisha, with their gay clothes and their graceful dances, lend a great charm to Japan, at least in the eyes of foreigners like ourselves. No traveler in the country ever leaves its shores without having been entertained by some of these "accomplished persons."



The original of the three famous monkeys who "hear no evil, speak no evil, see no evil."

THE SACRED SHRINES OF NIKKO

Can you imagine a hundred jewel-cases, beautiful ones all carved and gilded and lacquered, set about as houses are set in a village, and then magically grown as big as temples? If you can, you may be able to faintly guess what the sacred city of Nikko in Japan is like. It is so bewilderingly beautiful, and there are so many things to see, that the first time a traveler goes there, he gets a kind of mental indigestion, just as you get a physical indigestion when you have eaten too many good things. He

simply cannot appreciate it all till he has been back again and again to study it; and the Japanese themselves have a saying that no one should ever say the word "kekko," which means splendid, till he has seen Nikko.

Nikko is set in the hills, surrounded by deep forests. A little river flows through it—a river spanned by a gorgeous red lacquer bridge, which is itself as beautiful as though it were a jewel. To reach Nikko one travels for twenty miles along a road that is like a cathedral aisle, for on each side of it rise towering cryptomeria trees three hundred years old. These trees have a story of themselves. It is this:

About three hundred years ago the great warrior hero of Japan, Iyeyasu, the founder of the Tokugawa dynasty of shoguns died, and Nikko was chosen as his burial place. This man is to the Japanese what Caesar is to the Romans, or Napoleon to the French; and even more than this; for the Japanese, believing as they do in ancestor worship, have very nearly made a god of him. The more simple people believe that his spirit watches over the country today, and especially that he guides the generals in every battle and leads the troops to victory.

His tomb is the chief treasure of Nikko.



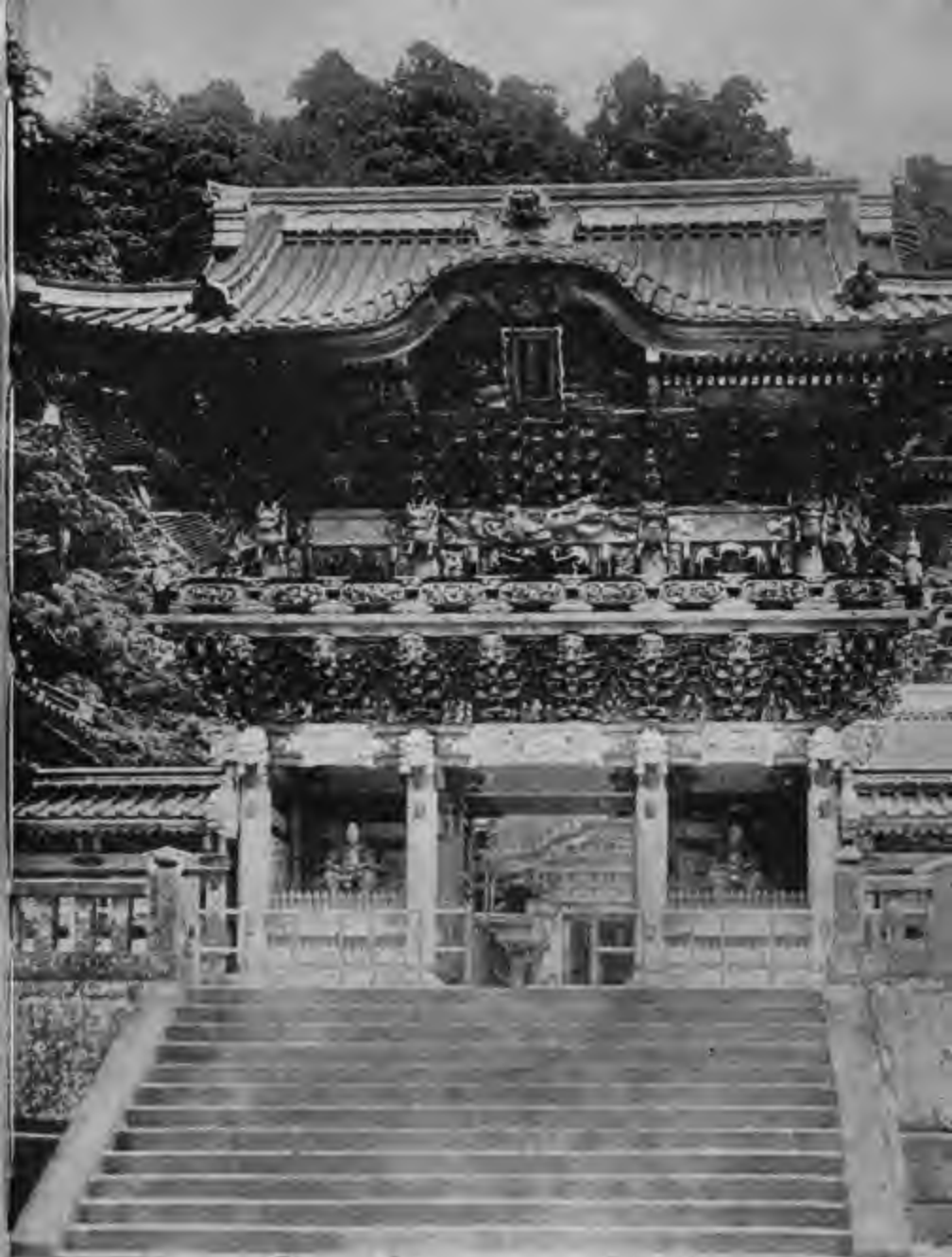
When it, and the jewel-like temples connected with it, were being built, every shogun and daimio in Japan, every feudal lord and local governor in the country, brought gifts, which they offered to his spirit. Gold and silver, bronze and lacquer, carvings, paintings, silks, and all manner of beautiful things they brought. And the processions they made, with Samurai in clanking armor, with grizzled warriors on horseback, with triumphal cars and palanquins with pennants flying, must have been as gorgeous to see as any of the triumphal processions in Rome when she was at the height of her glory.

But there was one poor lord of a distant province who had none of these gorgeous possessions. He had land, but he had no money; and he knew not what to offer to the spirit of his chief. But he bethought himself of trees, of which he had many; so he and his faithful Samurai brought cryptomeria shoots by thousands and planted them for twenty miles beside the road that leads to the tomb. His offering was scorned in his own day. But now this avenue of trees is one of the most famous sights in all Japan, and is gratefully remembered, while many of the more splendid offerings of his day have long been forgotten.

The tomb of Iyeyasu is not set in Nikko itself, but stands apart, on a hillside looking down over the town. It is a very plain tomb—simply a bronze urn on a little pyramid of steps—in marked contrast to the gorgeous temples below. Below it are placed three Buddhist symbols in bronze; an urn, a lotus plant, and a heron holding a candle; and below this is a gate guarded by bronze dogs. From the gate, hundreds of steps lead downward to the temples, in one of which the spirit of the old warrior is



The Shogun's Tomb at Nikko.



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Details of the gate that was "too perfect."

thought to reside; for the Japanese think that only his body dwells in the tomb.

The temples stand in a great grove of noble trees. The gates through which we pass to reach these temples are sometimes even more richly decorated than the shrines themselves. If you will just look at the pictures of one of these gates, and remember that all this elaborate carving is gilded and colored, and also that there are many more gates almost as beautiful, you will understand why I tell you that it is of no use to try to describe these things in words.

The gate called the Yomei-mon has a very interesting story connected with it, which is very "Japanese." The gate appears absolutely perfect in every detail, inside as well as outside, except in one little thing. There is not a rough edge anywhere, because the men who built it believed that the gods were watching them, and would take note of every imperfection. But when they had nearly finished the gate, they were afraid it might be too perfect, and that the gods would be angry, because absolute perfection belongs only to gods and not to men. So they carefully carved the pattern on one of the columns upside down!

In the temple grounds is a small sacred stable, where the pony is kept — the fat pony which, as I have told you, the pilgrims all feed with beans, and on which the spirit of Iyeyasu can ride abroad if he wishes. This stable is the only unpainted building in the enclosure; on its outer wall is the famous frieze of the three monkeys who "Hear no evil, speak no evil, and see no evil." You have all seen little statues of these monkeys; one with his paws over his ears; the next, over his mouth; and the last, over his eyes.

One thing that strikes every Westerner is the fact that these exquisite and delicately



The two Ni-O in the gate at Nikko.

carved wooden buildings are so wonderfully well preserved. Even after three hundred years, not a leaf is missing from the beautiful carvings; not so much as a tiny chip has been taken away—and this notwithstanding the fact that the public has always been allowed to go through the temples at will, quite unwatched. If you have ever seen the many beautiful things in Europe that are broken and marred by heartless tourists who want a “souvenir” of their visit, you will appreciate the admirable and considerate behavior of the Japanese at Nikko.

TREASURES OF THE SEA

In Japan, wherever you go, you are never for any length of time out of the sight or the smell of the sea; and the sea is always in the background of your thought, even when you cannot actually see or smell it. If the earth is mother to the Japanese, as she is to all the rest of the human race, the sea is at least the foster-mother of these little brown people.

Sometimes the sea grows angry, and then she sends terrible storms and savage tidal waves that sweep inland, drowning or destroying everything in their path. But for the most part the sea is friendly and lies lapping quietly at the shores, and offering her foster-children her treasures and protection; and the Japanese love the sea and search out her treasures.

The first and most important of these treasures of the sea is food; for without food, all other treasures are useless to man; and the supply of food that swims and leaps in the waters of Japan is inexhaustible all the year round. More than a million people are engaged in fishing and the kind sea always sends as many fish as are taken from it.

At dawn the fleets of square-sailed fishing-junks set out over the transparent sea, through the pale mist, to where the nets are spread;



and when the mists have cleared away, they return with their loads of living silver, which must feed an entire nation. Or sometimes these fishing-junks set out through pounding surf, so that the half-naked fisherfolk must push and strain, with shouts and queer ringing cries, to help them over the line of breakers. Sometimes the Japanese fishermen do not use nets at all, but fish with hooks and lines for deep-sea creatures and scudding cuttlefish.

Even at night they still continue to fish in the rivers, using great birds called cormorants. These are big, black, dirty birds with webbed feet and strong beaks. The fishermen tie around the throat of each bird a ring of straw or fiber, so that no large fishes can pass down its throat. The birds are tied with long strings to the boat, so that they cannot get far away. Then, when the night is clear and the bright moon or the silver stars are reflected in the water, the fisherfolk put out in the boats, each boat bearing a torch whose yellow light gleams across the water. The fish come flocking to these lights, as moths do to a candle. The cormorants then dive into the dark water and come up with fishes struggling in their beaks—fishes that shine in the torches' glow. Because of the string of straw around their throats, the birds cannot swallow their catch, and this enables the fishermen to take the big fish from the cormorants, and to give



each bird in exchange a very small fish, which it can swallow; so even at night the fisherfolk toil on.

Another thing that the sea gives her foster-children is seaweed. We do not use seaweed much here in our country; but the Japanese, who are more frugal than we are, know that many kinds are good to eat, and they fish for them regularly. Nothing in all the world is more picturesque to watch than the half-naked Japanese coolies, their bare legs shining like golden bronze in the sunlight, as they spread out the seaweed to dry on the rocks. The rocks are often of reddish color and the sand of a pale straw color. The seaweed is purple and green and red and gray, and the men bend and move about spreading it in sheets or gathering it into little piles, while the brilliant sun of the Orient gleams so brightly over it all that you can hardly look at it.



The girl divers of Toba, who bring up shellfish and put them in their floating tubs.



A typical misty morning scene in Japan.

HONORABLY WET WEATHER

It is raining in Japan.

This morning, when the country folk woke and crawled sleepily out at dawn, a mist lay over the landscape. It was thicker in some places than in others. At Ama-no-hashidate it was like a thin, blue veil over the world, blurring the edges of the distant hills and stealing the colors from the trees, so that their trunks showed black against the pale gray-blue of the water. The shadows of the little boats, asleep on the smooth surface, were black, too. A great stillness was everywhere.

Inland, where Fuji-San towers above the foothills, the mist was different. The face of the Honorable Mountain was hidden in the sky, and around the foothills lay strips of thick mist that were almost sharp around the edges. From a distance they looked like big gray ribbons wound about the base of the hills. Only in Japan can you see such mist-ribbons.

In the city of Kyoto there was mist also, but here it was as though a cloud had settled down upon the city. The air felt wet in your lungs, everything you touched was damp, and you could hardly see the buildings across the street. The whole world was gray, a soft gray with a little blue in it. Unless a thing were so close that you could almost touch it, the color was gone from it.

Not many persons were abroad at dawn. A few coolies were already at work, carrying loads slung across their shoulders on poles, or pushing little carts; an occasional street car rattled past through the grayness, or a jinrikisha sped along, carrying a passenger who had come on the night train from Tokyo. You could see these things only when they were close to you. Then they appeared suddenly out of the mist, looking larger than they really were, like pale gray ghosts. As they came closer the gray grew darker, till at last, just as they passed you, you could see a little color in the kimonos

of the passengers or in the goods on the coolies' carts.

That was very early this morning, before it began to rain in Kyoto. As the hours went by, the air grew so full of water that it could not hold any more, and the rain began. The grayness has gone out of the world, and the colors have come back. The streets and sidewalks are shining now, and the rain is coming down in silver arrows. You can see everything quite clearly.

The children are clattering gaily along to school. It rains so much of the time in Japan that they are quite used to it, and it doesn't trouble them at all. They have on their high rain shoes, and are walking along as though they were on little stilts. Over their heads they carry big, flat umbrellas made of heavy, oiled paper on bamboo frames. These umbrellas don't get wet as ours do. They shed the water like a duck's back. When you have shaken off the big drops, they are as dry as ever.

A little boy peddler has done more than this. He has tucked up his kimono about his waist, and his bare brown legs are shining like wet bronze. The kurumayas have put on coats of oiled, black cloth, and under their big rain hats, they are quite dry — except for their bare feet, which nobody minds having wet. For the comfort of their passengers, they have stretched



"Honorably wet weather!"

another piece of oiled cloth across the front of the jinrikishas, shutting out the rain, and so the passengers are dry also. A band of pilgrims, having come to the city to visit the sacred shrines, have spread out their straw raincoats and tipped their flat hats against the wind. So nobody really minds the rain at all.

It rains, and it rains, and it rains. When your grandchildren are grown up and have gone to visit Japan, it will be raining still!

Japan is a cold country in winter. Indeed, if it were not for the warm Japan Current, the country would be very cold and disagreeable,

for it lies far north. Just as the climate of Great Britain, off the coast of Europe, is made comfortable by a warm current in the Atlantic Ocean, so the climate of "Great Japan," off the coast of Asia, is tempered by a warm current in the Pacific Ocean. This current, too, is partly responsible for the heavy rainfall on the Japanese islands, for the moist warm air that rises from it, striking against the mountains, is made to drop its moisture in rain.

In winter, of course, this rain changes to snow; so it comes about that for months at a



Raincoats of rice straw, and an umbrella of oiled paper in typhoon weather.



Go gle

time, especially in the northern parts, a white pall lies over the countryside. Outdoor work stops then and silence falls; but so hardy are the Japanese that they do not seem to be troubled by it, and often the coolies, going from one place to another on necessary business, will turn up their kimonos above their knees and wade barefooted through the snow. For some reason they very seldom freeze their feet.

Sometimes even in the late spring, after the people have begun their pilgrimages, a snow-storm will swoop down upon them. Such a storm came down on Nikko once in April, and the pilgrims found this town, sacred and beautiful always, turned into a real fairy city. The moist snow made strange patterns and festoons on the branches of the dark pine trees, spread white blankets over the roofs of the temples, and topped the stone lanterns before the Shinto shrines with pyramids of fluffy white. The air was thick with falling flakes.

And the pilgrims, instead of regretting the discomfort, walked gladly and carefully through little paths in the snow, taking care not to disturb its purity more than was necessary, and finding pleasure in the great and beautiful stillness, for every aspect of nature is dear to the Japanese heart, and even the driving snow comes to them as a friend.

THE SON OF HEAVEN

The Emperor of Japan is a very mysterious person to his subjects. He has really not much more power than the democratic King of England; whom one can see any day riding in the streets of London, and who is not mysterious at all. But the Emperor of Japan is supposed to be a direct descendant of the Goddess of the Sun, and in this land of Shinto he is almost worshipped by the common people. They do not call him the Mikado, as we in the West do, but the Tenno, which means the Son of Heaven.

His court is very formal and full of ceremony, and the people in general know very little about it, although the young Prince Regent is more democratic than his father was, and is breaking away a little from the old ceremonial ways. But even in the court, New Japan has been busy, for Western evening dress has been adopted as the formal costume. The nobles go to court in frock coats, dress suits, and military uniforms, though the women still wear the kimono.

But there was one "august occasion," as the Japanese called it, when the costumes and ceremonies of the old days of feudal Japan were revived, perhaps for the last time. This was in 1915, when His Imperial Majesty Yoshihito, father of the Prince Regent, ascended the



throne of his fathers. In everyday life, the Emperor often wears European or American clothes, but for this event he wore the old ceremonial robes whose fashion was set in the year 820. In the picture opposite you can see Count Okuma, one of the "grand old men" of Japan, who was then prime minister, in robes much like those which the Emperor wore that day. These robes look very queer and stiff to us, and we cannot help wondering how anyone could move about in them at all. With Count Okuma is his wife, in the costume worn by the court ladies of old times. She is holding a fan.

The ceremonies at this time lasted for two weeks, with mystic Shinto rites, processions, and feasts. They began in Tokyo, but the most important of them took place in Kyoto, the ancient capital. When the Emperor arrived at the very modern railway station in Kyoto, all the nobles and important people were waiting to receive him, as you see in the picture. The women wore much the same robes as Countess Okuma, but the men were dressed in Western uniforms and formal court dress. All the embroidery on their coats was of solid gold, and it glittered delightfully!

In the ceremonies that followed the Emperor's arrival in Kyoto, one thing seemed more important than His Majesty himself. This was



Ladies and gentlemen of the Japanese nobility awaiting the arrival of the Imperial train.

the shrine that is supposed to house the spirits of his ancestors. Usually this shrine is kept in the palace in Tokyo, and it contains the three most sacred Shinto emblems in Japan, a sword, a mirror, and a jewel, which were given to the first Emperor by the Goddess of the Sun herself. Without these things no emperor could rule Japan.

This shrine is always treated as though it contained living persons. In Kyoto a special palace was built to house it during its three

weeks' stay. Its arrival was spoken of as the "august arrival." Offerings of food and sake were made to it, music was played to it, and dances held to "comfort" the spirits who dwell there. It had part in all the more mystical ceremonies. In the procession through the streets it was carried before the Emperor himself.

This procession was about all the common people saw of the great event. Thousands and thousands of them stood in a solid wall, and many of them had stood there waiting all through the night. Only the very old people were allowed to sit, and for them the government had reserved the best place of all, in the gardens of the palace itself.

When the procession came, it was greeted with absolute silence, instead of the noisy shouts and cheers which greet a parade in this country, for silence is the perfect mark of respect in Japan. If you had not seen the people, you would have thought the streets were empty. No one stirred so much as a finger. They almost held their breath. Even the feet of the horses made no sound on the sanded road. And in this absolute silence, broken only by the sound of a silver trumpet somewhere far away, playing a strange minor melody, came the gilded carriage of state in which sat a frail young man, the descendant of the Goddess of the Sun.



Elderly Japanese waiting to see the Mikado as he comes from the coronation ceremony. Special honor is paid to the aged in Japan.

Even when the procession had passed like a colored dream, the people still waited, until the silver trumpet stopped, when they knew the Emperor had entered the palace. Then they broke ranks, and grew suddenly as gay as a holiday crowd at home. They laughed and shouted "Banzai! Banzai!" which the Japanese shout instead of "Hurrah!" And even the foreigners joined in the shouting and also in the wish it carried for the frail young man; for Banzai means "May you live ten thousand years!"

THE TEMPLE BELLS OF JAPAN

It seems quite certain to me that the first person who invented a bell, far back in the mists of the ages, must have made it because he wanted to call the attention of his god. When a man has a favor to ask, it is, of course, very necessary that his god should listen. The simple-hearted men of long ago used to think of their gods as if they were persons like themselves, only much more powerful. So, as a god would of course have much business to attend to, he could not be expected to be always ready to listen unless his attention were called. What could be better for this purpose than a bell?

That is, I think, the first reason why every temple and church in every land in the world used bells. Now, of course, in a country like our own, we do not think that the bells are calling God to come to church, but calling the people to worship Him. Yet, in many places in the world, the first meaning is still in the minds of those who hear the bells peal from the temples.

Even in Japan today the more ignorant of the people believe something of the sort. Or perhaps they do not really believe it any more, but go on acting as if they did, because their ancestors once believed it. At all events, in the outer courts of the temples and shrines,



Baby is pulling the cord and ringing a big bell overhead to attract the attention of the gods.

where the poor people worship, they still use bells to call the gods. In the picture above you can see a little boy whose grandmother has lifted him up so that he can pull the scarf which is attached to a bell overhead. This is to call the attention of the gods to the fact that grandmother is going to put an offering into the big alms-box, which you can see on the ground, or that she is going to say a prayer. This picture was taken at a very popular temple in Kyoto. The gods who answer these bells cannot have much time to attend to any other business, because the bells ring all day long.



But these are only little bells, meant to call the attention of a little, friendly god to the prayers of one or two persons. There are also other bells, big ones, whose voices reach much farther. Perhaps the biggest of all the bells in Japan is at Nara, a city that was once, many centuries ago, the capital of the country. Buddhism was first introduced into Japan while Nara was the most important city, and it was here that the first Buddhist temples were built.

The great bell is very old, for it was cast in 733 A.D. It hangs outside one of the old temples, though you could not tell from the picture that it is a temple because it would seem odd to us to sell bean cakes and "champagne cider" in pop bottles just outside a church. Perhaps this bell is not thought to be so sacred as some of the others, because visitors can ring it by paying a cent a stroke. They pull the rope that swings back the heavy beam, which then flies at the bell. This bell is thirteen and a half feet high and nine feet in diameter. It weighs thirty-seven tons; so it is no wonder it is rung by swinging a beam instead of by trying to swing the bell itself.

The most important thing about a bell, after all, is not its size, but the beauty of the tone it makes. There are other bells in Japan with more lovely voices than this one at Nara. They are carved with strange characters and Buddhist



Ringing the Great Bell of Todaiji at Nara. The heavy beam is swung back and then let fly at the bell, which weighs 37 tons. It was cast nearly 1200 years ago.

invocations and their clear voices ring sweetly across the valleys and the sharp, wooded hills.

The belfries in which these great bells are hung are on the terraces beside the temples. They are not exactly towers nor exactly shrines. Some of them are simple enough, but some are like great and curious jewel boxes, carved and polished and lacquered; and the jewel that they hold is the voice of the bell, for anything that is precious is a jewel. What could be more precious, or more beautiful, than the silver voice of a bell, beating against the sky, calling gods and men to gather in the temple?



A Japanese wood-carver at work blocking out a pair of small Ni-O, like the huge ones that stand in temple gates.

SKILFUL BROWN FINGERS

We all know what fun it is to make something with our hands, to do it neatly, so that no rough edges are left and to fit everything together as it should be. After it is finished, how proud we all are to show the thing we've made, and to say, "I made it myself!" Proud as we may be of the things we make, I fear we must all bow to the Japanese when it comes to craftsmanship of this sort.

There are no fingers in the world so clever as the little brown fingers of the Orient. The Japanese, and the Chinese, too, seem to have two little wizards at the end of their arms instead of hands! Positively, they bewitch the thing they are working on. They can make the tiniest things in the world—so small that one cannot imagine how they do it—as easily as they make big ones. It is characteristic of the sons of Japan that the little things are usually elaborately carved and decorated while the big ones are exquisitely simple.

Whatever the Japanese do with their hands they do well. Even the homely tasks like making shoes or mending umbrellas are a pleasure to watch. The skilful brown fingers never fumble or slip, never get in each other's way, never make an unnecessary gesture. Every movement is as dainty as the steps of a toe-dancer. And the most minute and difficult tasks are done so quickly and cheerfully that any Westerner must marvel.

In Japan several things are counted as handicraft, as the work of an artizan, which we in the West think of as the work of an artist. Take for instance wood-carving. This can, of course, be very simple, and plainly handicraft, like carving chopsticks for instance, or it can be a work of art, like the beautiful carvings of "Left-Handed Jingoro." Between the two are

certain things which might be one thing or the other, and it is hard to tell which. We in the West are apt to think that a carving which is a copy of some other carving, or done from a drawing is handicraft, while a carving that is done for the first time from nature is a work of art. The Japanese think otherwise.

There is a story of a Western visitor who found a Japanese wood-carver doing a beautiful and artistic carving of a turtle. When the Westerner spoke of it as a work of art, the Japanese said, "Oh no, I am not an artist, I am only an artizan. You see I have a model," and he pointed to a live turtle in a box beside him. What he meant by that was, that if he were really an artist he would not use a model, but would carve the turtle from memory and would put into it something of the spirit of a turtle, instead of just copying its shape from nature.

This difference is rather hard to understand, but if you think about it a while, you will understand I am sure. If you don't, just say to yourself, "Well, that is one of the Japanese things I don't understand," and take it as a symbol; for there are many things about the Japanese, and about the way they think, which you would never understand if you lived to be a hundred, and spent all your days in Japan. The best we can do, is to understand as much as we can and let the rest go.

THE LAND OF FESTIVALS

Japan is a land of festivals. Every little while, when life is beginning to grow dull, and people get that tired, impatient feeling which comes from working too long at a stretch, some festival comes along and livens things up; and there are all sorts of excuses for rejoicing.

New Year's Day is the greatest popular festival of the year, just as Christmas is in our country. At that time, all the houses are decorated; and the celebrations at home and in the temples last for several days. Everybody, from the Emperor down, gives parties and settles down to enjoy himself.

After this celebration, festivals come along regularly. There is one especially for the servants and apprentices, when penny shows spring up in all the city parks and market places, and traveling theatrical companies reap a harvest. There is the Boys' Festival, of which I have already told you; there is the day when the fire departments everywhere give exhibitions of skill; there is a big celebration with fireworks in the summer; there is the Emperor's birthday, which comes in August, but is celebrated in October; there are days for the birthdays of

historical persons, just as we celebrate Washington's and Lincoln's birthday; and there are, of course, the flower festivals, which occur all through the seasons.

The little girls are not forgotten either. They have their own festival, which is called the "Feast of Dolls." This comes on the third day of the third month, and it is a great day, too. Then in the houses the ceremonial shelves are seen again, covered with dolls; but this time the dolls are not warriors in armor nor long-dead generals, but dolls that the girls enjoy. On the top shelf, — for nothing, not even an airplane, is allowed to be above them — sit the emperor and empress dolls. They are very resplendent in their silk and brocaded clothes; and all the other dolls, before they are seated, must first make their bow to the rulers.

Below these august personages, sit other dolls in appropriate costumes, court-ladies, musicians, babies, grandmothers, dancers and others; and lower still are doll's furniture of all kinds, cabinets, and cookstoves and utensils, and even food.

All these things, like the things used for the Boys' Festival, are brought out only on this occasion, and they pass down from mother to daughter.



Marvelous dolls for the Girls' Festival, representing an Empress, a singing-girl and a nobleman.

On this day, too, the little girls give parties and do all sorts of entertaining things; and, like the boys, they are taught lessons of obedience and patriotism and honor for the emperor.

Beside these festivals there are of course the religious celebrations, which take place at the temples, such as the Nativity of Buddha; and, to fill in any spaces that are not otherwise occupied, come the "Matsuri" the popular Shinto festivals.

These rejoicings are held in honor of some

long-dead hero or saint or sage, or some man or god who is the patron saint of a particular place. As there are a very great many dead men of repute, the Japanese never lack cause for celebrating!

The first sign the visitor notices that a Matsuri is approaching is when the streets and houses and temples suddenly blossom like flower gardens, with lanterns and decorations. By day these lanterns are gay spots of color, and by night they are like the lights of fairyland. The shops close up then, and all the people rush out into the streets in a sort of frenzy of pious merry-making.

Everybody seems to go wild with joy. The children rush whooping up and down, and even the grown-ups dance and shout.



During the Gion Festival the shrines glow with myriads of lanterns.



Then down the streets come the enormous shrines, called "mikoshi," in which the priests have placed sacred objects, mirrors, swords, and other things. These shrines are huge, highly decorated affairs, something like our own floats, only much bigger and more elaborate. Sometimes they are on wheels, but more often they are carried on the shoulders of a hundred or more shouting, prancing men.

As they come, they sway and turn from side to side among the multitudes, who are whooping like madmen. The bearers shout all together, something that sounds to a foreigner like "wassho! wassho!" though I don't think the word has any real meaning. It is all so exciting that I wonder people don't die of heart failure!

Sometimes these shrines swerve suddenly aside, as though they were turning of themselves, and perform strange feats. If there is a man in the neighborhood who really needs punishment, — one of those clever rogues whom the law cannot touch, but the people dislike — the shrine is pretty sure to swerve his way and send one of its great beams crashing through his frail house-wall, or shop. And nobody can possibly be blamed for it, except the long-dead saint or god who guides the shrine!



A tiny garden in the midst of a Japanese house but open to the sky.

TINY GARDENS

Can you imagine a garden, a real garden with a pine tree, a lake with a bridge over it, a pagoda, stretches of grassy lawn—and all this small enough to go into a dish? It is hard to imagine that anyone could make such a garden, isn't it? Yet the Japanese are very fond of doing this very thing.

These tiny gardens are like fairy gardens; and they are just about big enough for a fairy to enjoy. The pine trees are real trees, but they are only a few inches high; the bridges and pagodas and stone lanterns are perfect in shape,

but as tiny as the trees; the grassy lawns are made with moss and with a very tiny sort of grass; and the hills and the islands are made with stones carefully chosen so that they shall be of the proper shape. The whole garden is in perfect proportion.

These little toy gardens are an exact copy of the larger gardens of Japan. Nowhere else in the world is more careful attention paid to gardening than in the Land of the Rising Sun. It is probable that the Japanese first formed their idea of the art of landscape gardening—for it is an art with them—from the Chinese gardens; for the Chinese love their gardens, too, and they have very beautiful ones; but the Japanese have carried the art much farther, and have brought it to a state of perfection that is nowhere else realized.

They are not at all like our Western gardens, these Japanese landscapes in miniature, for they are built on a different principle. In the West, a garden is a place for flowering shrubs, and grassy stretches; but in Japan a garden is a copy on a small scale of a natural landscape. And, as their country is a volcanic country, with sharp hills, little lakes, waterfalls, and rocks, so their gardens have all these things in them. They have very few flowers in the gardens. Wistaria, iris, and sometimes lotus and azalea are used as a part of the general

scheme; but this is all. Flowers that are raised just for their beauty or for their fragrance are raised in pots, and have no place in the garden proper. Roses and lilies they do not cultivate at all, because they think their beauty is too obvious. The Japanese prefer flowers of more subtle beauty.

A garden can be of any size, from a plot three or four yards square up to the imperial gardens, which are like large parks; but the general construction of them is always the same. Because they are landscapes, they contain also those things which fit into a landscape, such as bridges, pagodas, and stone lanterns. These are of all sizes, to fit every garden, and must be



A temple garden where every tree and every stone has a classic or a mystic meaning.



very carefully chosen so as to keep the proportions exact. In a little garden of a few feet square, which is, of course, not intended for one to walk in, the bridge may be only two or three feet long.

It would take too long to tell you of all the subtleties and niceties of Japanese gardening, of the religious and philosophical meaning of the "Sentinel Stone," the "Sea Gull Resting Stone," the "Master's Isle," and all the other features that are set down in the laws of gardening. This is a study in itself, which takes years to master.

There is one story that will show you a little of the spirit of such gardening. It is about Rikiu, the famous master of the tea ceremony who was also a great gardener. One day when the master was expecting guests, he sent his son to prepare the garden. The boy swept the paths and washed the stones; but his father was not satisfied. "Try again," he said. So the boy swept the paths till not a twig nor a pine needle was out of place. Still Rikiu was not satisfied. So the boy washed the stones again. At last, when he could not make the boy see for himself, Rikiu went into the garden and shook the maple tree, so that it dropped, over the paths and into the little lake, a tapestry of gold and scarlet leaves.

"There!" said Rikiu, "now the garden is ready."

HOT MINERAL BATHS

Do you like hot baths, such terribly hot ones that you can't catch your breath for ages after you get into one, and so scalding hot that your skin is as red as a boiled lobster when you get out? If you don't, you would never enjoy a real Japanese bath, for that is the only kind you can get in Japan, unless you go to a European hotel.

The Japanese think that very hot water is good for one, good to bathe in every day if one is well, and good to cure all sorts of diseases if one is ill. One of their favorite prescriptions for curing rheumatism and a dozen other troubles is, "Take hot baths, preferably hot mineral baths."

Nature is kind to them in this respect, and furnishes a number of these hot baths free, with only the trouble of building a bathhouse; for in the volcanic regions of Japan are many hot springs and geysers, some of them with minerals in the water. The water is often so hot that a Westerner can hardly stand it. I tried jumping into one of these bathing-tanks once, and I jumped out again even more quickly than the "man from our town" who "was wondrous wise" must have jumped out of the bramble bush! Even the Japanese, who are



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used to hot water, find it hard sometimes to get in. They will stand on the side of the tank holding hands in a row and shouting encouragement to one another, before they all take the plunge together. Or they will lower themselves slowly into the water, while a leader with a watch calls out the passing minutes. Each call is greeted with a chorus of groans, and at the last call, when the proper number of minutes has passed, they all jump out with a yell of relief.

On the island of Yezo also called Hokkaido not very far from where the hairy Ainu live, is the region of Noborebetsu, famous for its hot springs. This region, with its boiling springs and grumbling craters, combines the colorful beauty of a Japanese Yellowstone Park, with the terror of a Japanese Vesuvius. In the picture you can see the steam rising from the springs and from the sulphur lake among the hills. It is a curious sight, and many Japanese tourists go there to watch it, though not many Westerners get so far north.

Most of the people who go to Noborebetsu go there not to see the sights, but to bathe for their health. The water is led down a valley and it cascades from wooden spouts into the bathing-place. Of course it cools off a little on the way, but even so it is terribly hot. The people with rheumatism or other troubles stand,



Bathers taking the cure at the Noboribetsu hot springs, permitting the hot water to fall on the aching joint.

or lie, under these spouts where the water will fall on their aching joints and backs. The cure is almost as painful as the disease!

One thing you will notice in the picture is that when men, women, and children are bathing together, they leave off a great many clothes. This, too, is characteristic of Japan, for there no one is ashamed of the human body. Indeed, it used to be the custom, especially in the country, until the Westerners came, to have the family bathtub in the front yard. As no one paid any attention to it, no one was the worse for it.



The end of the dance.

IF IT MUST BE SO

The Japanese language, which is really a very pretty, liquid language, has one lovely and sad word that every foreigner learns to understand, the word "sayonara," which means "goodbye," or literally, "If it must be so."

For that is the trouble with visiting a foreign country. There are so many goodbyes to say that it is sad to say them. When a country is as beautiful as Japan is, and the people are

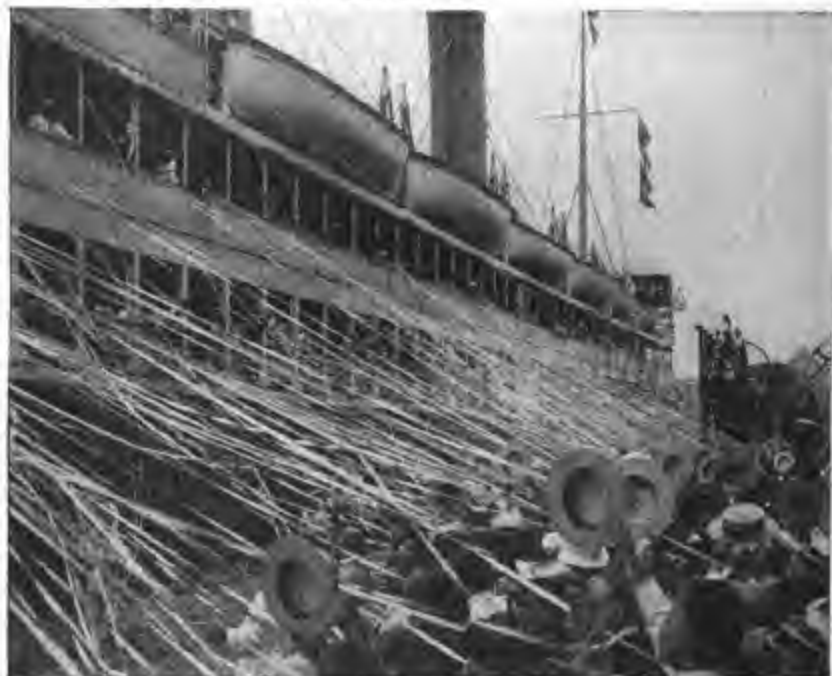
as kindly and as polite as they are, one learns to love the place. One makes friends, and has golden memories of lovely things one has seen; and to all these people and places, one must presently say farewell. That is the unhappy side of traveling. We may hope that some day we may be able to "honorably condescend to return," as our friends from Dai Nippon beg us to do; but, in our hearts, we know that Japan is a long way from home, and that very likely we shall never see those shores again.

The Japanese know this quite as well as we do; and they have a charming custom that symbolizes this parting. Whenever a big liner leaves Yokohama, bearing away new-made friends, or loved ones who, in their turn, are crossing the sea to the unknown shores of the United States, thousands of persons gather on the pier at Yokohama to see the steamer off. Busy Japanese business men will make the trip down from Tokyo—which, with the farewells, takes the greater part of a day—to see off foreigners whom they have met only a half-dozen times; and for every Japanese passenger, there are dozens of relatives, friends, and acquaintances.

As the great steamer makes ready to pull away from the dock, suddenly thousands of paper streamers are whirled through the air, making the scene as gay to look at as a carnival; but a carnival that covers aching hearts. These

paper streamers are stretched between the passengers, standing at the rails, and the people waiting on the dock. Each person holds the end of a streamer, and holds it until the motion of the ship breaks this frail bond.

With this pretty symbol, the Japanese represent the breaking of bonds that must come with all farewells; and, as the steamer moves slowly away, we still hear ringing in our ears that sad and lovely word, "Sayonara!"



Sailing day at Yokohama. Paper streamers held by loving hands, break as the ship glides from the pier.

KOREA — THE LAND OF HATS

This world is full of difficulties, as you have undoubtedly already discovered for yourself; but every person's difficulties are different from every other person's. And it is the same way with nations. Each nation has troubles of its own — and many of them; but no two nations' troubles are just alike.

Take Japan and Korea, for instance. Korea is a country on the mainland of Asia, separated from Japan by a narrow strait. The people of Korea are a kindly, simple people, much like overgrown children. They have a very old civilization, much older than the Japanese; and, in the ages of long ago, Japan learned many things from them.

But the Koreans are now too simple and childlike to know how to govern themselves. For centuries they have been ruled by either China or Japan, or by both at once, but mostly by China. Only once in recent centuries, after the war between China and Japan, Korea became an independent empire and remained so for a few short years; but she made such a sad failure of trying to govern herself that finally Japan annexed the country; and in 1910, Korea became a part of the Japanese empire. Somebody

had to take care of Korea, and Japan was probably the best fitted for the job. Certainly Japan was better fitted for it than Russia, who would have taken Korea if she hadn't.

Japan has made a number of mistakes in governing Korea. She has done harsh things and unnecessary things, as well as good and necessary things. I suppose something like that was sure to happen, for nobody does everything exactly right in this world; and nations make more mistakes even than ordinary folks, because their problems are bigger and harder to manage. But I think it is already quite plain that in the end Korea will be much better off for having been under the Japanese rule. After the Koreans have learned all that New Japan can teach them, in exchange for all the things they have taught Old Japan, they may have another opportunity to try governing themselves — an opportunity they will then know how to use.

Korea is a rather mountainous country. It is about as large as Minnesota. Most of it is a peninsula shaped not unlike Florida; and it partly shuts in the Yellow Sea, just as Florida partly shuts in the Gulf of Mexico. But the climate is not at all like the climate of Florida, for Korea is just south



of Manchuria, which is very cold. The northern part is bleak and desolate and very wild. There are mountains here, 2,000 to 6,000 feet high, covered with heavy forests. And the forests are still full of savage beasts, especially man-eating tigers and bears, though there are also leopards, foxes, and antelope. If any of you would like to try big game hunting, why not try Korea?

The Koreans are a good deal like the Chinese in their physical appearance, though they have some Malay blood mixed with the Mongolian. Some people think that our American Indians are descended from the Koreans. During the comparatively short time that the Spanish kept records on our Pacific coast, more than a hundred junks are said to have drifted across the ocean from Korea, along the Aleutian Islands and past Alaska, following the Japan Current. So probably in the centuries before that, a considerable number of people must have landed on our shores; and from them the Indians may be descended.

The mountains run in a chain southward, down the east side of the peninsula; but on the west are fertile valleys and plains where the natives cultivate rice, tobacco, cotton, hemp, grain, and other things. Here are many villages like the one in the picture,

with one-story houses covered by big thatched roofs, which look like mushrooms. Agriculture in Korea is very simple and primitive; the farmers still use implements much like those used a thousand or so years ago, although Japan is trying hard to get them to use more modern methods.

But better farming is only one of the things Japan is trying to teach the poor childlike Koreans, who ask only to be let alone. She is trying, for instance, to get them to take baths! The Koreans themselves are always very careful to take a bath every year, on the third day of the third moon, to wash away trouble and to prevent it coming back during the year. You can imagine that the Japanese, who take a bath every day, do not think this often enough; but they haven't made much progress as yet in teaching the Koreans cleanliness. They have found many other things much easier to do than this; for instance: putting in railroads and telegraphs; improving harbors; setting up a better system of teaching in the schools, with modern methods of instruction; establishing schools for teaching the culture of silk; building better hospitals; besides doing many other things to improve the condition of the Koreans. In almost every conceivable way, Japan

has improved the living conditions of Korea enormously.

It is true that the task has not been without its trials, and even disasters; and some of these have been of so peculiar a nature that you could never imagine in a hundred years what they could have been. For instance, after the Japanese had built the railroads, the Koreans insisted upon sleeping on the tracks on warm nights! You see, the Korean men, like the Japanese women, have always worn their hair in a sort of topknot. It isn't the same sort of topknot exactly; but just as the Japanese women put up topknots which will last several days, the Korean men do the same thing, and they also use little hard pillows that fit into the backs of their neck so that their hair will not become disarranged. Some of the poorer Koreans use tomato cans when they can't afford to buy pillows; so that after the railroad was built, the poor people liked to use the rails for pillows, spreading a mat between the rails to lie on. The rails being cool at night, and fitting the neck perfectly, the Koreans found them very comfortable; although it is hard for a Westerner to understand how the rails could possibly be used as pillows. Unfortunately, it frequently happened that a train coming suddenly around

a curve, would kill these poor sleepers. Several lost their lives in this way before the practice could be stopped.

The topknots of the men of Korea were the cause of another trouble for the Japanese; for, at one time, they very unwisely tried to cut off all the topknots in Korea by force. This was unnecessary and unwise, and it angered the Koreans terribly. There was so much trouble about it that finally the Japanese stopped trying to cut them by force, but are now trying to do it by education; they are succeeding much better.



The Korean topknot is still worn by the workingman.

Unlike the Japanese, who wore no hats at all while they had their hair done up on their heads, the Korean men now make their hats so big that the topknots can go inside. There are so many such big hats in Korea, and of so many different kinds, that it is sometimes called "The Land of Hats," although its official name "Chosen" means "Land of Morning Calm." In the old days, no man was allowed to wear a hat of any kind until he was married. An old bachelor was considered only half a man, and was obliged to wear his hair in braids down his back! When he became engaged, he was allowed a topknot and a compromise hat of straw; but it was only after he was married that he could enter into his full rights, and don the queer-looking affair of black horsehair tied under his chin, which you can see in one of these pictures. He still wears this headgear, whether he wears a topknot or not.

In the same picture you will see that the Korean gentleman wears white clothes with his black hat. White is the color of official mourning, both in China and Korea, just as black is the sign of mourning with us. Whenever a Korean ruler died, all the people were obliged to wear white for three years, and the same thing was necessary for a family when a father or mother died. The



The farmer's hat.



The city man's hat.

Koreans found they had to be in mourning so much of the time that it was easier never to be out of it; so white became the popular color for all occasions.

But just think what this means to the poor women who have to wash all these white clothes, in a country where the people take only one bath a year, and where you can see more filth in an hour than you can in a year in the United States! It means that their whole lives are given to washing, scrubbing, and "mangling." The mangle is a



stick not unlike a small baseball bat, with which they beat the clothes, instead of ironing them. The clothes are folded up and placed over a stone or a roller, and two women then squat opposite each other and beat them, "Rat-a-tat! rat-a-tat!" Often this noise goes on till late into the night. Indeed night seems to be especially a woman's time; for in the cities, it used to be the custom that, after the gates were closed at night, only women were allowed out-of-doors.

The better class of women live a very secluded life and seldom go abroad at all. When they do go out, however, they wear a long loose coat, which they never put on, but wear wrapped around them, the neck-band resting on the forehead. It is said that, in the old times, this coat was her husband's war-coat, which she kept always with her, ready to give to him if he were suddenly called to war.

In Korea there are dancing-girls called "kisang" who are engaged to entertain you with singing and dancing while you dine. They are not as well trained and not nearly so intelligent as the geisha of Japan.

Korean houses are much like Japanese houses in some ways, though they are more solidly built. They have the same system

of sliding screens or doors by which the whole floor of a house can be thrown together into one big room. The Koreans also sit on the floor, just as the Japanese do; only their floors are more comfortable in winter, because they are heated. Centuries ago the Koreans discovered the principle of hot-air heating, which they still use. The fires on which the meals are cooked are made at one end of the house and the heat from these fires is carried by flues under the house to the other end. As the houses have only one story, they are thus pleasantly heated. The floor is covered with oiled paper, which looks like brown marble, and which feels very good to the feet, especially in the winter; for the Koreans, like the Japanese, also take off their shoes when they enter the house.

To a Korean, a street is simply a passageway from one place to another; so why should anyone bother to keep it clean? The rain washes it; and, anyway, people of consequence are always carried in chairs. Again, they think it is a bad idea to make the front of a house either clean or beautiful, for then thieves will be tempted to come in and steal. Consequently, very large houses, with lotus-pools and grassy lawns, are often hidden behind a row of tumble-down shacks, and



are reached by a dirty alley leading off a dirtier street.

The principal city of Korea is called Seoul, pronounced rather like our English word soul, only in two syllables, So-ul. The Japanese official name for it is Keijo. It has a population of about three hundred thousand; and Japan is fast changing it into a modern city. It has street cars, electric lights, a good water supply, a number of modern business buildings, banks, an American Y. M. C. A., and other Western features. Business is easier to do there now, too, because Japan has established her own system of coins. In the old days the Koreans had nothing but small change — copper coins, of which it took three or four thousand to make up the value of a dollar. Think of trying to conduct a business when it required a horse to carry fifteen dollars worth of money!

The civilization of Korea is very old. The national life of the "hermit kingdom," as it used to be called, extends back more than 3,000 years. The Koreans early developed a civilization of their own, and a literature, which was written in Chinese. Especially, they learned to make a beautiful pottery, for which the country became very famous; but this pottery is now no longer made in

Korea, for the reason that, when Hideyoshi, the great Japanese general, made an expedition into Korea in the sixteenth century, he carried off all the pottery-makers and their families to Japan. The pottery that is now so famous in Japan, called Satsuma ware, is really Korean.

The conscience of our own Uncle Sam is not very clear on the subject of Korea. Just as we were the first to open up Japan to the rest of the world, so we were the first Western nation to make a treaty with the hermit kingdom of Korea. In 1882, we signed a treaty stating: "If other powers deal unjustly or oppressively with either government, the other will exert its good offices on being informed of the case, to bring about an amicable arrangement, thus showing its friendly feeling." The childlike Koreans believed that these words meant what they said; but, unfortunately for them, when the time came, we paid not the slightest attention to them, and watched the taking of Korea captive, without saying a word. Every nation does things it is afterwards ashamed of, just as every person does; and this is one of Uncle Sam's black marks.

So these are the troubles of Japan and Korea in the hermit kingdom. Each side has its difficulties.



Images of animals and warriors guarding a tomb to intercept demons of unrest.

If it seems to you that Japan is in the wrong in trying to make Korea over into a modern country against her will, let me tell you this: Every nation, as a rule, appears at its best at home, just as individuals do; and while it seems to be at its worst when trying to rule another country, it may be that, in special instances, the nation ruled reaps certain benefits; that is, if wisely governed — just as children improve when directed by wiser heads. In the end, I feel sure that Korea will be better off, cleaner, healthier, better educated, and better governed, because Japan has taken her in hand.

FORMOSA, THE BEAUTIFUL

Have you ever noticed that in this world the most beautiful things are often the hardest to manage? Can you, for instance, make the prettiest girl in school do as you like? Or can you take a tiger, which is probably the most beautiful animal to look at, and tame it easily?

Our friends the Japanese have just such a problem to manage in the island of Formosa. When, in 1895, after the war between Japan and China, Japan took over this island, she caught a tiger — or something else just as hard to deal with; and she has spent the years since then in trying to tame it. It's pretty well tamed by this time, and will do tricks for its master; but if Japan should once turn her back, there's no telling what might happen.

There's no doubt about Formosa's being beautiful. Indeed the very name by which we know this island, Formosa, is the Portuguese word for "beautiful." Several centuries ago, some Portuguese sailors saw it on the horizon and gave it this name; and although the Chinese, and after them the Japanese, call it Taiwan, we in the West still call it "beautiful."



The island lies off the coast of China, and is separated from it by a strait that is from ninety to two hundred miles wide. It's a good-sized island, and is very nearly as large as the main island of Japan itself; but it is almost tropical, and it is full of mountains, and jungles, and savages, and fever, and a number of other things that make it tigerish.

A range of towering mountains covered with dense forests extends from north to south. Two of these mountains are higher than Fuji-San itself. Mt. Morrison is about 13,000 feet high, and is the highest peak in the Japanese empire. On the east side, nearest to us, these mountains come down to the sea in great cliffs, some of which are 1,500 or even 2,500 feet high; but on the China side, they slope down gently into a flat plain, which is very fertile.

All sorts of plants grow there in the greatest profusion. Tropical trees — palms, camphor trees, bread-fruit trees, fig trees—are there, and also, on the mountain slopes, pines and other trees of the colder climates. Beautiful wild flowers, too, bloom the year round — lilies, and azaleas, and orchids, and hundreds of others—so that we are continually reminded of our hothouses at home.

In the forests are wild animals, bears, panthers, wild boars, monkeys, deer and



armadillos; and shining green snakes, which are deadly poisonous, and which writhe through the underbrush, while gorgeously colored birds flash in the air. So you see there's no doubt about Formosa's being beautiful; and there's no doubt either about its being hard to manage.

For a great many years this island of Formosa was a terror that haunted all the Western sailors who sailed in those seas. The sea around it is the birthplace of terrible tropical typhoons, which spring up suddenly and sweep helpless ships on to the sharp cliffs, where they are dashed to pieces. And, before Japan tamed her tiger, if a few poor half-drowned sailors managed to land, they were usually captured by the savages who lived there and killed by them. Their heads were preserved as trophies and their bodies eaten, for these savages were cannibals. You will admit that this was a fate to haunt any sailor.

The savages who did these things are the original inhabitants of the island, seemingly of Malay stock. Like their descendants, they were broad-chested fellows with huge hands and feet, large mouths and flat noses. The faces of the women are tattooed. Until recently, they were, all of them, cannibals and "head-hunters." The skulls of the captured



The Push Car Railway to the savage country.

enemies were kept in "skull chambers;" and often the men and boys used to sleep in this chamber in order to teach themselves courage. Sometimes the office of chieftain among them was held by a woman. There are a great many tribes of these people, and formerly, they were constantly warring among themselves.

The Chinese, who acquired the island in 1682, tried for several centuries to tame these people, but they were unsuccessful in their attempt. A number of Chinese settled

on the island during that time, but they were mostly low-class people, many of them criminal refugees; and they were not so very much better than the savages. There were also, of course, the governors of the island who were of the upper-class Chinese, and also many other settlers from this class. The governors did the best they could to civilize the country, but they were too few in number to do much good. When Japan took over Formosa in 1895 it was in a state of complete chaos.

So Japan caught the tiger. But though these tribes fought continually among themselves, they all united against Japan, and it was four months before the Japanese soldiers could land at all. After that they set about cleaning up the country; and in the years since then they have done a great deal.

The first thing they did was to free the country from the attacks of the savages. Some of these wild people were willing to give up "head-hunting" and to accept education; for these the Japanese have established schools and markets. The schools give "four-year courses for savages." Those who continued to fight have been driven into the mountain fastnesses and hemmed in by high barbed wire fences that can be electrically charged. As soon as a tribe or a



village is willing to accept the government, the military patrols move the fence higher up, and leave this village free.

But all this is long and hard work, and many dangers are still left in the wild places. The free tribes are always fighting among themselves, and sometimes against Japan. Bands of them break loose and attack the people who are cutting the camphorwood, which is one of the principal exports of the land. Again, much of the country is so rugged and so overgrown with dense vegetation that it is very hard to get through it; and, to make everything harder yet, the climate is very hot and damp, and there is an enormous amount of malarial fever.

But in spite of all these things, Japan has already done a great deal towards improving conditions. She has built many hundreds of miles of railroads, has established postal, telephone and telegraph communication throughout most of the country, and has introduced a progressive system of education. She has also developed the coal and gold mining industry, has cleaned up the towns, and has improved agricultural conditions.

Another thing the Japanese have done, is to organize the camphor industry; for Formosa practically controls the world-market



Reducing camphor wood to chips.

in camphor. The camphor tree belongs to the same family as our own southern laurel; but the camphor tree grows only in a few places; Formosa, Borneo, and Japan are the principal ones.

This is the way the camphor is obtained: The trees are cut down and the wood is flaked off in little chips. Then the chips, with the bark and even the leaves, are first distilled with steam. The crystals obtained this way are pressed, and the water and certain oils that are not wanted, are drained



A camphor distillery.

off, leaving the camphor; but at this stage the camphor is not pure, and it has to be "sublimed" as they call it. A substance which will, when you heat it, change directly from a solid into a vapor, is said to sublime. As the vapor cools, crystals of camphor are deposited.

Camphor gum is peculiar in this way, that it will sublime, or evaporate, on an ordinary hot day. If you have ever tried to keep any of it in its pure form, even wrapped in paper, you will know how fast it vanishes.

Pure camphor is mostly used for medicinal purposes. During the World War the American government bought up great quantities of camphor to treat "trench feet," as the inflamed feet of the soldiers in the trenches were called.

The cost of camphor has gone up a good deal since the Japanese took Formosa and organized the industry. There are several reasons for this. One is that the Japanese are a people who always look ahead, and they saw that if they went on just cutting down the trees as the Chinese had done, in a short time, there would be no more trees, and no more camphor left. So they plant a new tree for every one they cut down. Another reason for the increase in cost, is that the natives keep making raids and attacking the people who gather the camphor, so that the Japanese have to keep a large police force to protect these camphor-gatherers; and, naturally enough, they make the industry pay for this police force.

But camphor is not the only plant that is cultivated in large quantities in Formosa. Tea-growing is one of the principal industries also. You have seen the boxes and packages at the grocery store marked "Oolong," haven't you? The tea in them comes from Formosa; so you see the people



Where the famous Formosa tea is picked.

of Formosa know what you like to drink, even if you don't know much about them.

Even the children pick tea in Formosa. The plants are kept pruned down small enough so that the children can reach the top buds. This pruning also makes the plants put on more leaves, and not run so much to wood. After the tea has been dried and fermented and fired, it is packed in big chests and bales to set out on its long journey to you.

Other plants that are grown in Formosa are sugar, peanuts, sweet potatoes, tobacco, millet, barley, and bamboo. Paper is made from the pith of a tree there; and in the rocks, sulphur is found; and there are wide salt fields.

Formosa has very few horses, so that most of the plowing is done by oxen and water buffalo.

In the old days, the capital of Formosa was a walled city called Tainan-fu. This city is the oldest city on the island, and was inhabited by Chinese as early as 1730; but it did not really develop into a city



Japanese officers making a tour of inspection in the wild highlands of Formosa.

till some Dutch people settled in it a little later. But these Dutch themselves were driven out by Chinese invaders before long, so that this city is today practically Chinese in character. The ruins of an old castle built there by the Dutch are still to be seen. It is not the capital any longer.

Now the principal city, and the capital, is Taihoku, in the north. It is a real city, with more than 100,000 inhabitants. It used to be frightfully dirty, and was then often swept by terrible plagues. But the Japanese have since cleaned it up, and have made it into a city that seems almost Western. It has broad streets, rows of Western buildings, banks, shops, fine school buildings, an excellent water supply, a museum, and parks. In 1916 the Japanese built an exposition here, like a small World's Fair, with big exposition buildings that were lighted at night with strings of electric lights, as are our expositions at home. You could see very plainly then how much progress Japan had made in the taming of her tiger.

The entire island of Formosa contains nearly four million people, most of whom are Chinese and Japanese; for the savages are dying out as nearly all savages die when civilized man takes over their country.



Daughters of the wild tribes are now attending Japanese schools in the mountains of Formosa.

But there is no doubt that Formosa is better off in almost every way since Japan began to civilize it, just as there is no doubt that those other islands not far from the "Island Beautiful," the Philippines, are better off since Uncle Sam has taught them the new ways of the civilized world. It isn't an easy job, taming tigers, and one cannot help feeling a great respect for the Japanese who have been so successful at it, in the beautiful but difficult island of Formosa.

GLOSSARY

To help you in pronouncing many of the proper names presented in this book, the following key is given:

ā, like a in *lake*
â, like a in *vacation*
ǎ, like a in *bat*
ǻ, like a in *advance*
ǣ, like a in *dark*
ǽ, like a in *last*
ǿ, like a in *idea*

ē, like e in *even*
ĕ, like e in *here*
è, like e in *begin*
ě, like e in *bed*
ê, like e in *later*

ī, like i in *kite*
ĩ, like i in *dish*

ō, like o in *cold*
ô, like o in *oblige*
ô, like o in *organ*
ö, like o in *lock*
ōō, like oo in *loose*
ōō, like oo in *book*
oi, like oi in *soil*

ū, like u in *cure*
û, like u in *curve*
ũ, like u in *sun*
ŭ, like u in *suggest*

Ainu (ī'nōō). The earliest inhabitants of Japan, now living in a northern section of Japan called Hokkaido.

Ama-no-hashidate (ä'mä nō hä'shē dä'tě). A peninsula on the west coast of the main island famous as one of the "Three Sights" to which the Japanese make pilgrimages.

Amaterasu (ä'mä tă rä'sōō). The sun-goddess who commanded her grandson, Jimmu Tenno, to descend to the Japanese islands and rule over them in hereditary succession forever.

Amida Buddha (ä'mē dä bööd'ä). The central deity of the Jodo-shu (jō'dō shōō'), a large branch of Japanese Buddhism.

Bamboo (bām bōō'). A treelike fast-growing grass of the tropics and subtropics. It has many uses, such as, the young shoots can be used for food; the longer stems for chopsticks, poles; the larger stems for furniture, building purposes; etc.

"Banzai" (bän'zä'ē). The Japanese way of saying "hurrah."

Basha (bä'shä'). An old-fashioned, horse-drawn bus.

Bento (bän'tō). A boxed cold lunch which the Japanese take with them on trips, and which can be bought at railroad stations.

Biwa (bē'wä). A lake situated northeast of Kyoto and connected with that city by a canal; an ancient musical instrument.

Bo (bō). A kind of tree beneath which Buddha is said to have meditated and received enlightenment of the way to deliver man from his sufferings.

Buddha (bööd'ä). Means the "Enlightened One." (See Gautama Buddha.)

Buddhism (bööd'iz'm). The religion based upon the teachings of Gautama Buddha.

Chopsticks (chöp'stiks'). Two small sticks of wood, ivory, etc., used, especially by the Japanese and Chinese, in eating.

Chosen (chō'sēn'). The official name of Korea, a peninsula of eastern Asia and Japanese territory.

Cicada (sī kā'dä). An insect similar to a locust caught and kept by Japanese children as a pet.

"Cipango" (sī päng'gō). The name given to Japan by Marco Polo, and the land Columbus hoped to find.

Cormorant (kôr'mō rānt). A sea bird used for catching fish, a band being tied about the throat so that it cannot swallow the larger fish.

Cryptomeria (krīp'tō mē'rī ä). A kind of evergreen tree. An avenue of these trees leads to the tomb of Iyeyasu at Nikko.

- Dai-Butsu** (dī' bōō' tsōō). A huge bronze statue of Buddha, cast in 1252 at Kamakura, near Yokohama.
- Daimio** (dī' myō). The grandson of Iyeyasu; a feudal baron of Japan who was independent in his own barony, but who was a vassal of the shogun.
- Dai Nippon** (dī' nyīp' pōn). Means Great Japan; Nippon is the official name for Japan.
- "Eta"** (ě' tā). The name given to two classes of social outcasts: actors, and those who dealt with bodies of dead animals, such as butchers, tanners, etc.
- Formosa** (fōr mō' sà). An island off the coast of China, now belongs to Japan. Also known as Taiwan.
- Fuji or Fuji-San** (fōō' jē sän'). A volcano and sacred mountain in the south central part of the mainland of Japan; 12,365 feet high.
- Futamiga-Ura** (fōō' tā mē' gā ōō' rä). A place on the Bay of Ise famous for the sacred Shinto shrine, the "Wedded Rocks."
- Gautama Buddha** (gō' tā mā bōōd' ā). Prince Siddartha, the founder of Buddhism (563-483 B.C.). He left his wife and kingdom, received enlightenment, and became a wandering monk to teach people the way by which they may be delivered from their sufferings.
- Geisha** (gā' shā). Means accomplished person. A Japanese professional singing and dancing girl.
- Geta** (gě' tā). Wooden shoes for outdoor wear. Two flat pieces of wood with two smaller pieces set crosswise beneath each piece.
- Ginza** (gēn' zä). The principal shopping street of Tokyo.
- Gion** (gē' ōn). A Shinto festival.
- Gosho** (gō' shō). The name of the emperor's palace in Kyoto.
- "Hai, hai"** (hī hī). Means "yes, yes."
- Hakone, Lake** (hä' kō ně). Situated at the foot of Mount Fuji.
- Hara-kiri** (hä' rä kē' ī). The old and honorable way of committing suicide. The Samurai practiced it. It was done by plunging a dagger into the stomach.
- Hearn, Lafcadio** (láf' cá' dī ō hūrn). A naturalized Japanese of Irish-Greek parentage, author and journalist in English. His Japanese name is Yakumo Koizumi.
- Hibachi** (hē bā' chē). A charcoal stove.
- Hideyoshi** (hē' dē yō' shē). A Japanese statesman and warrior (1537-1598).

Higashi Hongwanji (hē gā'shē hōng wān'jē). One of the largest temples in Japan, located in Kyoto.

Himalayas (hī mā'lā yāz). A mountain system, 1,600 miles long, between India and Tibet; the highest mountains on the earth.

Hiroshige (hē'rō shē'gě). A Japanese painter and print maker (1797-1858).

Hokkaido (hōk'kī'dō). An island north of Honshu, the mainland; formerly called Yezo; Ainu villages located here.

Hokusai (hō'kōō sā'ē). A Japanese painter and print maker (1760-1849), noted for his views of Mount Fuji.

Honshu (hōn'shōō). The mainland or largest island of Japan.

Horikiri (hō'rē kēr'ī). Beautiful gardens in Tokyo.

Inland Sea (īn'lānd sē). A landlocked part of the ocean about 240 miles long, between Honshu on the north and Shikoku and Kyushu on the south.

Ise, Bay of (ē'sē). An inlet of the Pacific at the southeastern part of Honshu; Nagoya located at the head of the bay.

Iyeyasu (ē'yē yā'sōō). A Japanese general and statesman, and founder of the Tokugawa dynasty of shoguns (1543-1616).

Izanagi (ē'zā nā'gē). The god who created Japan. He dipped his spear into the ocean and the drops that fell formed the islands of Japan.

Izanami (ē'zā nā'mē). A goddess and wife of Izanagi.

"Jan-ken-po" (jān'kān'pō'). A game played by Japanese children.

Jimmu Tenno (jēm'mōō tēn nō'). Grandson of Amaterasu, the sun-goddess, and first emperor of Japan from whom all the emperors are descended.

Jingoro (jēng'ō rō). The most famous wood carver of Japan.

Jinrikisha (jīn rīk'shā). A two-wheeled hooded vehicle drawn by a man.

Jiu-jitsu (jōō'jīt'sōō). The Japanese art of self-defense without weapons, based on a knowledge of the nerve and muscular systems of the body.

Junk (jūngk). A boat with a high poop, very little or no keel, and odd-shaped sails, sometimes almost square.

Kago (kā'gō). A round basket chair hung by wires from a pole and carried by two men.

Kakemono (kā'kē mō'nō). A picture or writing on silk or paper suitable for hanging.

- Kamakura** (kā'mä kōō'rä). A town near Yokohama in which is located the huge statue of Buddha, called the Dai-Butsu.
- Keijo** (kā'jō'). The official name for the capital of Korea; also known as Seoul.
- "Kekko"** (kāk'kō). A Japanese word meaning splendid. According to the Japanese no one should say "kekko" until he has seen Nikko.
- Kimono** (kĩ mō'nō). A loose robe tied with a sash and worn as an outer garment by Japanese men and women.
- Kisang** (kē sāng'). The name applied to the dancing girls of Korea.
- Kobe** (kō'bě). A seaport and commercial city on the southern coast of Honshu island.
- Korea** (kō rē'ä). A country on the mainland of Asia, separated from Japan by a narrow strait and annexed by Japan in 1910.
- Koto** (kō'tō). A long harplike musical instrument having thirteen silk strings.
- Koya San** (kō'yä sän'). A monastery, and one of the hundred holy places to which every Japanese hopes to make a pilgrimage before he dies.
- Kuruma** (kōō'rōō mā). The Japanese word for jinrikisha.
- Kurumaya** (kōō'rōō mā yä). The Japanese word for jinrikiman.
- Kurumaya-san** (kōō'rōō mā yä sän'). The polite Japanese way of addressing the runners, which means "honorable jinrikiman."
- Kyoto** (kyō'tō). A city in the western part of Honshu island and ancient capital of Japan.
- Kyushu** (kyōō'shōō). The southernmost of the main islands of Japan.
- Lama** (lä'mä). A Buddhist priest or monk.
- Maiko** (mĩ'kō). A young girl who is not yet graduated into a geisha.
- Manchuria** (män chōōr'ĩ ä). The three northeast provinces of China; now under Japanese influence.
- Marunouchi** (mä'rōō nōō'chē). A large, modern building in Tokyo.
- Matsuri** (mät'sōō rĩ). Local Shinto festivals which include processions and the dramatization of ancient legends by child actors.
- Matsushima** (mät'sōō shē'mä). The Pine Islands in a bay near

the city of Sendai, which is in the northeastern part of Honshu island.

Maya, Queen (mä'yä'). The mother of Gautama Buddha.

Mikado (mī kä'dō). The title used by foreigners in reference to the Emperor of Japan. The Japanese refer to him as the Tenno.

"Mikoshi" (mē kō'shē). The huge shrines used during a Matsuri. They are often borne on the shoulders of men, but sometimes they are on wheels.

Miyajima (mē'yā jē'mā). A sacred island in the Inland Sea, and a place of pilgrimage.

Miyanoshita (mē'yā nō shē'tā). A village and resort southwest of Tokyo.

"Mon" (mōn). The family crest woven into or dyed in the kimono. It is usually circular in form and consists of a flower, bird, geometrical design, etc.

Morrison, Mt. (mōr'ī sūn). A mountain in central Formosa; the highest peak in the Japanese Empire; about 13,500 feet high.

Nagasaki (nä'gā sā'kē). A seaport and commercial city on the northwest coast of Kyushu island.

Nagoya (nä'gō'yā). A city in southern Honshu island, near the Bay of Ise.

"Namu Amida Butsu" (nä'mōō ä'mē dā böō'tsoō). Means "Hear Lord Buddha"; an appeal frequently heard during Buddhist services.

Nara (nä'rā). A city in the western part of Honshu; a place of pilgrimage.

Nesan (nä'sän). Means older sisters; Japanese maidservants.

"Netsuke" (nä'tsoō kā). A small object carved in wood, ivory, etc., or wrought in metal, sometimes inlaid with gold or silver; sometimes it has a practical use and sometimes it is an object of artistic value.

Nihombashi (nyī'hōm bā'shē). The famous Japan Bridge in Tokyo, the center from which all distances in Japan are measured.

Nijo (nyī'jō). The palace of the shoguns in Kyoto.

Nikko (nyīk'kō). A town in central Honshu, famous for its sacred shrines.

Ni-O (nyī'ō). Two carved figures in the gate at Nikko.

Nippon (nyīp'pōn). The official name used by the Japanese in reference to their country.

"Nirvana" (nīr vā'nā). The Buddhist belief in a perfect state in

which man would not need to be born again, would cease to exist as a separate person, and would become part of the great Law that governs all things.

Nishijin (nyĩ'shē jēn). A suburb of Kyoto noted for its silk weaving.

Noborebetsu (nō'bō rā'bā tsōō). A region on Hokkaido island famous for its hot springs.

Noguchi, Yone (yō'nā nō'gōō'chē'). A Japanese poet.

"Noh Drama" (nō drä'mā). Classical plays that have come down from feudal times. Many of them have been translated into English poetry.

Obi (ō'bī). A broad sash made of a heavy, bright-colored silk material, worn by women around the waist over the main kimono and tied at the back.

Okuma, Count (ō'kōō mā). A Japanese statesman (1838-1922).

"Om mani padme hum" (ōm mā'nē päd'mā hōōm). A sacred Buddhist sentence meaning, "The dewdrop slips into the sea." This thought helps to explain "Nirvana." (See "Nirvana.")

Oolong (ōō'lōng'). A kind of tea grown and prepared in Formosa.

Osaka (ō'zä'kä). A seaport and industrial city in the western part of Honshu island, not far from Kyoto.

O-Yone-San (ō'yō'nā sän'). The name of a maidservant mentioned in this book.

"O Yuki" (ō'yōō'kē). Means "honorable snow."

Pagoda (pā gō'dā). A many-storied building, usually a temple, or a memorial, or a protection against evil spirits, oftentimes having roofs that curve upward.

Papier-mâché (pā'pēr mǎ shā'). A hard material made of paper pulp mixed with glue, clay, or the like. It is shaped into many articles, such as toys.

Perry, Matthew C. (mǎth'ū, pēr'ī). The American commodore who was helpful in the opening of Japanese ports to world trade (1794-1858).

Polo, Marco (mār'kō pō'lō). A Venetian traveler in Asia, especially China (1254-1323).

Rakan-ji (rā'kän jē'). A famous Buddhist temple.

Ricksha (rīk'shā). A short form for jinrikisha.

Rikiu (rē'kē ōō). A famous master of the tea ceremony.

Saké (sā'kē'). A Japanese wine made by the fermentation of rice.

Sakhalin (sā'kā lēn'). An island north of Japan, one part of which belongs to Japan and the other part to Russia.

Samisen (săm'ĩ sěn). A Japanese musical instrument having three strings and resembling a banjo.

Sampan (săm'păn). A flat-bottomed boat used in the river and harbor traffic of Japan, China, and neighboring islands.

Samurai (săm'ōō rī). During the feudal system of Japan, the military class who made up the lesser nobility and who had the power of life and death over the common people.

Satsuma (sä'tsōō mǎ). An old province in the southern part of Kyushu island noted for its pottery, the manufacture of which is originally Korean.

"Sayonara" (sä'yō nǎ'rǎ). A Japanese word meaning good-by.

Sendai (sěn'dī'). A city in the northeastern part of Honshu island.

Seoul (sě ōōl'). The capital of Korea; the official name is Keijo.

Shikoku (shē'kō'kōō). One of the main islands of Japan, north-east of Kyushu.

"Shime-nawa" (shē'mā nǎ'wǎ). A Shinto symbol consisting of a rope of straw, which is supposed to keep away evil and pestilence.

Shinto (shĭn'tō'). The original religion of the Japanese consisting of the reverence of the spirits of the dead and numerous gods of nature. Since it has no definite teachings, it is possible for a Japanese to believe in Shinto at the same time that he believes in another religion, such as Buddhism.

Shintoism (shĭn'tō ĭz'm). The religion most frequently called Shinto. (See Shinto.)

Shogun (shō'gōōn'). A title of the military rulers of Japan who took away the power of the emperors and ruled under the feudal system. The revolution of 1867-1868 restored the emperors to power.

Shoji (shō'jē). A lake and resort on the mainland; a village where the chief occupation is the making of chopsticks and toothpicks; a paper screen used as a wall or a partition.

Siddartha (sě dār't'hǎ). (See Gautama Buddha.)

Sumida River (sōō'mĭ dǎ). Flows by one side of Tokyo and into Tokyo Bay; is 180 miles long.

Taihoku (tĭ'hō'kōō). The capital of Formosa, situated in the northern part of the island.

Tainan-fu (tĭ'nǎn'fōō'). A city in the southwestern part of Formosa, the oldest city on the island and the former capital.

Taiwan (tĭ'wǎn'). An island off the coast of China; now belongs to Japan. Also known as Formosa.

- "Tansu"** (tän'sōō). A chest of drawers.
- Tenno** (tēn nō'). Means the Son of Heaven. The official title of the Emperor of Japan who is said to be the descendant of Amaterasu.
- Tibet** (tī bēt'). A region west of China.
- Todaiji** (tō'dī'jē). A huge, ancient bell at Nara.
- Tokaido** (tō'kī'dō'). A famous old road that leads from Tokyo to Kyoto.
- Tokonoma** (tō'kō nō'mā). A recess in the wall, opening from the living room of a Japanese house, in which may be displayed, two or three at a time, the beautiful family possessions.
- Tokugawa** (tō'kōō gā'wā). The family name of a line of shoguns who ruled Japan from 1603 until the power of the emperor was restored by the revolution of 1867-1868.
- Tokyo** (tō'kyō). The capital of the Japanese Empire, situated on the east coast of Honshu island, north of Yokohama.
- Torii** (tō'rē ē). A sacred Shinto gateway.
- Utamaro** (ōō'tā mā'rō). A Japanese designer of color prints (1754-1806).
- Waraji** (wā'rā jē). A kind of straw sandal.
- Wright, Frank Lloyd** (frāngk loid rīt). The Chicago architect who designed the large hotel in Tokyo which withstood the earthquake of 1923.
- Yabakei** (yā'bā kā). A valley on Honshu island.
- Yadoya** (yā dō'yā). A native hotel or inn.
- Yakumo Koizumi** (yā'kōō mō koi sōō'mē). The name taken by Lafcadio Hearn when he became a Japanese citizen.
- Yamagata** (yā'mā gā'tā). A province in the northern part of Honshu island.
- Yellow Sea** (yēl'ō sē). An inlet of the Pacific Ocean between China and Korea.
- Yezo** (yēz'ō). An island north of Honshu, the mainland; now called Hokkaido; Ainu villages located here.
- Yokohama** (yō'kō hä'mā). A commercial city and seaport on east central Honshu island, south of Tokyo, on the western shore of Tokyo Bay.
- Yomei-mon** (yō'mā mōn). The famous gate at Nikko.
- Yoshihito** (yō'shē hē'tō). The Emperor of Japan who ruled from 1912 to 1926.

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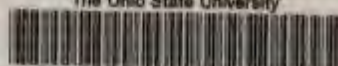
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